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CONTENTS

PAGE

EVENTS OF THE WEEK 467
THE BRITISH NOTE ON CHINA 470
THE OUTLOOK IN INDIA 471
REACTION IN FRANCE. By Robert Dell... 472
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa 474
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Lloyd George's Offer (Ronald F. Walker); Anti-Vivisection (Professor A. V. Hill, Mrs. Henry Bell, Stephen Coleridge, and Miss Beatrice E. Kidd); Faith and the Slave Trade (Lord Olivier); Women Students at Oxford (Miss L. Grier) 475-477
ITALY! O ITALY! By Philip Morrell 477
HAS THE DEVIL A TAIL? By E. V. Knox 479
THE DRAMA:—
The Festival Theatre. By Bonamy Dobrée 480
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron 480
A DIVER. Poem by Edward Thompson 481
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—
Life that is a Vision. By Leonard Woolf 482
REVIEWS:—
Henry James. By Edwin Muir 483
Architecture. By George Kennedy 484
Elizabethan Literature. By Allardyce Nicoll ... 485
Fiction 485
Wycliff and His Age... 486
English Readers and Dante 486
The Bear 487
Annuals of Reference 487
BOOK IN BRIEF 487
NOVELS IN BRIEF 487
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS 488
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES 488
INSURANCE NOTES:—
Thrift Policies for Children. By Scribo 489
FINANCIAL SECTION:—
The Week in the City 490

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

BY far the most important event of the last few days has been the publication of the British Government's circular Memorandum on the situation in China. We comment elsewhere on the policy of the Memorandum; it will perhaps be useful to set out here the main facts that emerge from it. In the first place, we now know that, so long ago as last May, the British Government had formally put on record its objection to mixing up the question of tariff revision with that of the unsecured debt; had objected to any extension of foreign control over the Chinese Customs revenues, and proposed to implement the promises made at Washington, without waiting for the abolishment of *li-kin*. We also know that they joined in the protest against the Canton surtaxes "with much reluctance," and purely for the sake of preserving the solidarity of the Powers. As to their present proposals they suggest that the Powers should make an immediate unconditional grant of the Washington surtaxes, which should be collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs, but held at the disposal of the local authorities, instead of being necessarily remited to the custodian banks at Shanghai. They propose also to carry out at once the interim recommendations of the Commission on Extra-territoriality, and even to go beyond them.

* * *

Still more significant than the proposals themselves is the frank recognition, throughout the Memorandum, of the fact that the present position in China is largely due to the failure of the Tariff Conference to implement the promises made at Washington, and that the Chinese demand for treaty revision is, in the main, just and reasonable. In the most explicit terms, the Memorandum urges the necessity of a sympathetic attitude towards Chinese nationalism, and of modifying "the attitude of rigid insistence on the strict letter of treaty rights" during the period of transition. The Memorandum embodies, in short, the very policy we have so long urged—practical proposals for a *modus vivendi* with the *de facto* rulers of China, inspired by the desire to lead up to a general and final settlement. It is unfortunate that, with such principles to guide them, the Government should have acquiesced so long in the policy of drift.

* * *

Nevertheless, the Memorandum may yet save the situation. Mr. Lampson's conversations with Canton have, as we anticipated, had their repercussions in the North. Chang Tso-lin has met Mr. Lampson at Tientsin, and is now busy forming a new Government in Peking. Meanwhile, the moderate element in the Kuomintang is gaining ground. Neither party can afford to stand aside, if the other shows a tendency to negotiate. Canton appears to have most to gain from the new proposals; but, as a makeweight, the Northerners already control the Peking octroi and salt gabelle, and Chang, at any rate, is not likely to risk his hold on Manchuria for adventures in the South. The chief danger of granting the surtaxes lies in an intensification of the struggle for control of the Yang-tze valley, with its great treaty ports. Far more serious, however, is the prospect if the proposals fall through. The Memorandum has had a bad Press in France, and the record of the Consortium Powers does not inspire much hope of united action. If such action is not obtainable, we hope that the Government will most seriously consider how far effect can be given to their proposals by British action. It would be an intolerable position for Great Britain, with her vast interests in China, to be condemned to do nothing, when she has the power and will to do something useful and constructive.

The recent improvement in Franco-German relations is likely to be so seriously disturbed by the result of the Landau court-martial, that it is worth while to recapitulate the facts. In September last, a French officer, Lieutenant Rouzier was accused of murdering one German citizen and wounding two others in the town of Germersheim. He claimed to have acted in self-defence, and a court-martial was constituted to try both Lieutenant Rouzier and his alleged assailants. The court-martial delivered a verdict, on December 21st, acquitting the lieutenant, and inflicting sentences of imprisonment on six Germans, two of whom had already fled the country, while a third was still in hospital as the result of his wounds, and was therefore unable to attend the Court. This verdict evoked a furious outburst in the German Press, and the German Minister for Occupied Territories publicly protested against it, on the ground that both acquittal and sentences were against the weight of the evidence. Under French law an acquittal cannot be revised, but an appeal was lodged against the sentences, and formal representations were made by the German Ambassador in Paris. The French Press, on the whole, approved the verdict, but on Christmas Day, the President signed a decree remitting the sentences, as an act of grace.

* * *

There is no doubt that the Press in both countries has strained the facts for propaganda purposes, and without a full report of the evidence it is impossible to pass judgment on the incident. It is important, however, to remember that the French law on the defensive use of lethal weapons is very different from ours. Any French jury will acquit a man of good character who persuades them that he used a revolver when honestly fearing a dangerous assault. This, in our eyes, gives an armed neurasthenic a privileged position; the French regard it as a proper deterrent from provocative behaviour. But, whichever view be right, the application of the French principle in occupied territories obviously requires the most careful scrutiny. With regard to the sentences, it is a thousand pities that the French Government did not publish the court martial proceedings when it pardoned the condemned men. If they were technically guilty, the gesture would be the more effective by their guilt being made clear to the world; if they were innocent, the fact should be established. The real moral of the incident is that armies of occupation must always constitute an obstacle to the revival of friendly relations between victors and vanquished. They create, on both sides, an atmosphere of fear and suspicion in which " incidents " are almost bound to happen.

* * *

In the midst of a fierce encounter between the forces of Diaz and those of Sacasa on the Caribbean coast of Nicaragua, Rear-Admiral Latimer landed a detachment of United States Marines, and thus, it would seem, prevented the " Liberals " fighting for Sacasa from making an end of their opponents. The affair has created a sensation throughout Latin America, and President Coolidge is called upon to defend his policy. Action was taken, he explains, for the protection of American rights and property. Such action is inevitable in the present circumstances, but the United States " never takes sides." This statement has a singular sound in the face of the fact that the State Department has recognized Senor Diaz, while Dr. Sacasa has been accorded recognition by Mexico. Apart from the Latin-American Press, which is naturally biased, the independent correspondents in Washington assert freely that the State Department's policy is aimed at the elimination of Sacasa and the Liberals, and is no less closely related to the comprehensive assault upon the Calles Government in Mexico. The evidence indicates that the war party is for the moment in the ascendent at Washington, but when Congress reassembles they will have to reckon with Senator Borah and his friends, who hold the view that when troubles of this kind occur it is necessary to find out what specific American interests are at work behind the scenes.

* * *

A *coup d'état* in Lithuania would not be particularly interesting or important if it could be regarded as a purely domestic affair. Unfortunately, the domestic concerns of the Baltic States are almost as apt as those of the Balkans to be mixed up with foreign policy. The downfall of the Slezevicius Government is ascribed to its pro-Soviet tendencies, and the new Administration began by shooting Communists. At the same time, the new Premier, Professor Valdemaras has issued a highly provocative statement on Polish-Lithuanian relations. " No Lithuanian, unless he is a traitor, can renounce the claim to Vilna. The Baltic States, fearing Russia, lean to Warsaw, but Lithuania, not having a frontier with Russia, sees danger only from Poland. . . . Poland and Russia will never be good friends; therefore Lithuania must turn to Russia." To complete the atmosphere of Gilbertian comedy, the Soviet Press regards the revolution as a Polish plot. The most serious aspect of the affair is that the whole movement seems to have been the work of the army. A Government under military control, and bent on playing off two powerful neighbours against each other, is not a desirable addition to the *imbroglio* of Eastern European politics.

* * *

The manner in which the Japanese nation has received the news of their Emperor's death shows that the Westernization of the monarchy has not destroyed the religious reverence with which the people have always regarded it. To them the Emperor is still the symbolic head of the ancient ancestral cult which is at the base of the country's religious institutions. The new Emperor Hirohito is, like his entourage, quite aware that the old practice of a semi-divine seclusion cannot be maintained in a State which has enforced education laws on a Western model. He has made an intelligent study of the bases of royal power in the constitutional monarchies of Europe; but he is also well aware that an Eastern and a Western monarchy must inevitably differ in essential particulars. His first rescript, warning the nation against blind imitation of foreign habits, and against vulgar ostentation (an import quite alien to Japanese character), shows that he is anxious to keep alive the old Japanese social values. In political affairs, the reverence with which the Japanese royal family is regarded by the nation at large, has never tempted any Emperor to overstep the boundaries of his constitutional position, and the

present dynasty is likely to enjoy a long life as constitutional Bourbons of the Far East.

* * *

Mr. Philip Snowden, when Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards, was a strong advocate of an early return to the Gold Standard; his opinions being so decided as to place him in a patently uncomfortable position when he was required to move the Labour Party's vote of censure on the Government for restoring it "prematurely." It is not surprising, therefore, that in an article published in the FINANCIAL TIMES on Thursday of last week, he should argue that the return to gold has been justified by results:—

> "None of the fears," he maintains, "as to the effect of the return to gold has been realized to any material extent, and where there has been some aggravation of financial, trade, and unemployment difficulties, it has probably been due in large measure to other causes."

His method of proof may be illustrated by the following example:—

> "The fall in unemployment after the return to gold was marked in the coal and iron trades, though this was doubtless due in a considerable measure to the effect of the coal subsidy."

"In a considerable measure," indeed! Would Mr. Snowden seriously suggest in any other connection, that the condition of the coal and iron trades during 1925 and 1926 was one of hopeful improvement? Unless the decline in unemployment figures is intended to suggest this, it is entirely irrelevant to the argument, which is, that, *judged by results*, the return to gold has not been detrimental to industry. Here and elsewhere, Mr. Snowden takes figures for May, 1925, as his basis of statistical comparison; but this is not a sound basis. The return to gold cast its shadows before. It was not the resumption of specie payments as such, but the rise in the sterling exchanges, which was associated with it, and in point of time preceded it, which did the mischief; and many of the effects of the gold standard *policy* were thus already making themselves felt in May, 1925.

* * *

It is not, however, the wisdom of the return to gold last year that we are now primarily anxious to discuss. The step has been taken, for better or worse. But it is important, for various reasons, that we should reckon clear-sightedly with the consequences. Some of those consequences are beneficial, some are detrimental; there is room for differences of opinion as to whether the former outweigh the latter, or not. But, as to the nature of those various consequences, there is not really room for doubt. Undoubtedly, the 10 per cent. rise in the exchange has enabled us to buy foodstuffs and raw materials more cheaply from abroad. Equally undoubtedly, it has made it more difficult for us to sell abroad at remunerative prices the products of our industries. And these effects will remain, unless and until a general all-round deflation follows:—

> "Whatever hardship," writes Mr. Snowden, "has been endured from this cause has now passed. The return to a sound monetary system has established conditions favourable to the revival of trade prosperity."

That is dangerously untrue. The return to gold has established conditions favourable to the expansion of sheltered occupations, and very unfavourable to the recovery of the export industries. By all means, let us make the best we can of these conditions, and extract from the gold standard every scrap of compensation that we can. But do not let us indulge in the illusion that the impediment to export of an over-high exchange has ceased to operate.

Some of the recent experiments in substitutes for brick houses can hardly be said to have justified their continuance. The estimated life of a wooden house is only forty years. Allowing for this, the Finance Committee of the L.C.C. estimates that the annual deficiency on 186 wooden houses, in excess of the subsidy of £13 10s. per house, will be £1,445; on the same number of brick or concrete houses it would only be £75. Meanwhile, the experiments in Scotland on steel houses have equally depressing results. There is some doubt as to their cost, but all figures that have been given are in excess of the cost of brick houses. The most recent figures quoted by Sir John Gilmour are £415 for Weir and Cowieson houses, and £431 for Atholl houses. He made it clear that these figures do not include cost of land, sewers, fencing, road, transport, or administrative expenses. This month's ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL comments "that last month twenty chimneys of Weir houses at Robroyston blew down in a gale," and, "that experts expect that when the inside surfaces of the steel plates that form the external walls of the steel houses are examined, it will be found that the timber studding seriously suffers from damp."

* * *

The Board of Education has issued a very favourable special report on the work of the L.C.C. Men's Institutes. This novel method of municipal education began shortly after the war on the initiative of the late Rev. Stewart Headlam. His aim was to attract young men who had hitherto remained outside the influence of charitable and educational organizations. Five Men's Institutes were started in 1920 in Bethnal Green, Battersea, Deptford, Southwark, and Stepney. A manager, chosen for his personality and skill in handling men, was first sent to each district. It was his business to seek acquaintance with the type of man who had not previously been in contact with any social organization. The Institutes were then started in small rooms—the men themselves choosing their subjects of study, as they do in the Tutorial Classes of the W.E.A. Physical training was frequently the primary source of attraction, then came handicraft, especially woodwork (which is a big industry in the Hackney and Stepney district), photography, and music—the men liking to play in bands. This year the Minister of Agriculture was surprised to discover that many of the poultry prizes at the Agricultural Show went to the Institute at Bethnal Green; while a painting of a man from the same Institute was shown at the New English Art Club. Each of the Institutes is growing rapidly in size, and the L.C.C. has recently started some Young Men's Institutes with the same aim. The movement is one which fully deserves the commendation it has received from the Board of Education.

* * *

The London Liberal Candidates' Association, which organized an extremely successful series of lectures last winter, is doing the same thing again. The first two lectures of the new series have already been delivered to crowded audiences, the demand for tickets much exceeding the supply. On January 5th Mr. J. M. Keynes will speak on "Liberalism and Industry"; on February 2nd, Mr. W. T. Layton on "The Free Trade Movement in Europe"; on March 2nd, Mr. Ramsay Muir on "Liberalism and the Empire"; and, on April 6th, Mr. H. Wilson Harris on "The International Outlook." The place of meeting is the National Liberal Club, and the lectures begin at 8.15 p.m. Applications for admission (for which no charge is made) should be addressed to Mr. Leonard Stein, 1, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

THE BRITISH NOTE ON CHINA

THE British Memorandum on China, which was presented a fortnight ago to the representatives of the Washington Treaty Powers, has been given to the world this week. It is a remarkable Memorandum; one of those outstanding diplomatic documents which ought to be read and studied carefully by anyone interested in public affairs, however disposed he may be as a rule to treat foreign affairs, and particularly Eastern affairs, as a tangle of intricate and shifting detail, which he has not the time to unravel. The Memorandum has a twofold character. It is a strong plea for a new policy towards China, addressed to the other interested Powers. It is also an *apologia* for the British record in recent years, designed primarily to set Britain right with Chinese opinion.

The keynote of the British Memorandum is the need of acting in accordance with "realities." The word occurs again and again. It is significant and welcome that it should; for unreality has been at the root of the mishandling of the Chinese as of so many other post-war problems. It has been clear ever since the Armistice that China could not be kept subject to the system of special European privilege and dominance, embodied in the extra-territoriality provisions and the rigid tariff limitation, so long a matter of course in relations with Eastern communities, and now so generally swept away. It has been clear that the best hope even of safeguarding European interests lay in timely and generous concessions. The need for concessions, looking towards the complete autonomy of China, was formally proclaimed at the Washington Conference early in 1922; it was agreed that the tariff should be increased by certain specified surcharges, and that the system of extra-territoriality should be revised. But for long nothing was done to give effect to this policy:—

> "Unfortunately," as the British Note puts it, "the Tariff Conference did not meet for four years, and during that period the situation had greatly deteriorated. During a succession of civil wars the authority of the Peking Government had diminished almost to vanishing point, while in the South a powerful Nationalist Government at Canton definitely disputed the right of the Government at Peking to speak on behalf of China or enter into binding engagements in her name. The process of disintegration, civil war, and waning central authority continued, with increasing acceleration after the Tariff Conference had met, until eventually the Conference negotiations came to an end because there was no longer a Government with whom to negotiate."

The Powers have been obstinately slow to adapt themselves to these developments. They have haggled assiduously with the "vanishing" authority at Peking; and have made no attempt to enter into relations with the *de facto* authorities, including particularly "the powerful Nationalist Government at Canton." While they have been discussing with Peking the propriety of securing the unsecured debt as a *quid pro quo* for the Washington surtaxes, Canton has been levying these surtaxes on her own account; and the Powers have been reduced to palpably futile protests against this violation of their treaty rights. When the farce of treating Peking seriously became too threadbare for continuance, the attitude of the Powers, including ostensibly the attitude of the British Government, because something like this: "We have done our best, and can do no more. Internal confusion in China has defeated our earnest efforts to give effect to the Washington policy. We must now wait until a strong Central Government emerges from the present chaos, with which we can negotiate, and meantime we must protect our nationals, safeguard our interests, and stand fast by our treaty rights."

In common, we think, with every progressive organ in this country, we have protested against such a policy of negation. The questions of extra-territoriality and the tariff lie at the root of the internal disorders of China, supplying at once the sentimental basis of Nationalist propaganda, and a material incentive to civil war. Unless these questions are somehow dealt with, a strong Central Government can emerge in only one way: the ultimate triumph of the Cantonese Government, become much more "Red" in the process, and in no mood to negotiate at all. To wait for a Central Government to emerge means therefore to wait for the extinction of every European interest and treaty right. The aim should be to establish a *modus vivendi* with the real authorities in China. So much has long been clear. But Canton is mixed up with Moscow, accepting gratefully all the Bolshevik help which she can get; and the anti-Bolshevik complex is strong in the Chancellories of the Consortium Powers. Would this prevent a sensible, realistic policy? That is the question that has been in doubt.

And now, in this Memorandum, the British Government is disclosed as urging, cogently and insistently, all the things which their liberal critics have been urging for months past—the need for meeting the Nationalist movement "with sympathy and understanding," the need for modifying the "traditional attitude of rigid insistence on the strict letter of treaty rights," the folly of "the policy of ineffective protest over minor matters," the need for a *modus vivendi* with the Governments that actually wield power, and the unwisdom of "waiting for, or insisting on, the prior establishment of a strong Central Government." As a first instalment in this new policy, the Memorandum proposes "the immediate unconditional grant of the Washington surtaxes, and invites the concurrence of the other Powers "at the earliest possible moment." After all the fumbling of the past few years, it comes as an extraordinary relief to have such a policy proclaimed officially with such decision. It is a policy which is not only marked by good intentions; it offers a fair promise of proving adequate to the situation. For, though Canton is certainly none too easy to deal with, she is as yet, we believe, far from having become *impossible*. "Of all the muddles in China," writes a well-informed correspondent, "Canton is the most *hopeful* muddle"; and, if she is dealt with in the spirit which this Memorandum breathes, we shall probably find considerable reserves of good sense behind the outpouring of Communistic doctrine.

In some ways the *apologia* is the most remarkable feature of the Memorandum. The British Government, it seems, has long held the views which it now expresses so emphatically. It has always been willing to make larger concessions to Chinese sentiment than the other Powers were ready to permit. As long ago as 1923, the British Government objected to the attempt to link up the unsecured debt with the revision of the tariff. In May of this year, it put forward its present proposal that the surtaxes should be granted unconditionally. Further, it was opposed to the protest against the action of Canton in levying the surtaxes; it only joined in this protest " with much reluctance " for the sake of " solidarity "; and it regrets that it did not press its objections " more insistently." This last avowal, we may observe in passing, is of considerable significance. It amounts to a withdrawal of the protest, so far as Britain is concerned; and may perhaps do as much to impress Chinese Nationalist opinion as any other feature of the Note.

But what a singular paradox is implied by the revelations as a whole! In Chinese eyes, Britain has lately been the chief villain of the piece. The anti-foreign feeling, which a few years ago was most fiercely directed against the Japanese, has been concentrated in full fury upon us. It is against us that Canton has mobilized its strikes and its boycotts; it is we who have been regarded as the great enemy of Chinese aspirations. Yet Britain, it seems, has been the good fairy all the time; disinterested (apart from the legitimate interest in settlement and peace), while other Powers have been thinking of their nationals' unsecured loans; doing her best to forward a liberal policy. And she has said nothing about it! She has put up with abuse and calumny; she has seen her actions cruelly misconstrued, and has forborne to say a word in her defence, when she might so easily have cleared her character! And all for the sake of the solidarity of the Powers! Rather than give the other boys away! Surely the libraries of school story-books scarcely contain a more touching example of quixotic magnanimity!

Well, quixotic magnanimity is rare in diplomacy; it would scarcely be a kindness to our Ministers to suppose that they have been deliberately practising it at the expense of our national good name; and we shall do well to realize that the above picture is almost certainly a little out of drawing. Loyalty to the Powers can hardly have compelled Lord Birkenhead, in replying only a month ago to Mr. Lloyd George (and denouncing him, if you please, for a " mischievous " speech), to refer to the Cantonese movement in terms so strikingly at variance with the " sympathy and understanding " now recommended. No, on the point of unconditional surtaxes, we may have been consistently sound; but on the vital issue of our attitude towards Canton there has evidently been incoherence and vacillation and a sharp cleavage of opinion. This issue has now been definitely decided in favour of friendliness and accommodation. That is the chief significance of the Memorandum. The decision is highly creditable to the Government and the Foreign Office; and it is reassuring evidence of the strength of the liberal-minded elements among our administrators and business interests in China, without whose influence such a decision would hardly have been possible.

THE OUTLOOK IN INDIA

INCONCLUSIVE as the recent Indian elections were, the results did not altogether discourage those wellwishers of India who have believed in the value of the new Legislatures. The rough balance of parties in the newly elected provincial Councils is not, on the whole, a bad thing in present circumstances. It has ensured a reconstruction of the Ministries in most of the provinces, and has made it imperative for the Swarajists to face the two practical questions arising out of their present position—whether they are prepared to rescind or modify the ban upon their party's accepting the responsibility of Ministerial office, and whether, if not, they intend to make further trial of obstructive methods in the All-India Assembly and the provincial Councils. For an answer to these questions we should naturally turn to the annual winter gathering of the Indian National Congress, held during the past week at Gauhati, Assam. But the answer from that quarter, such as it is, must be judged some degrees less hopeful than the results of the general election.

The Indian National Congress when in full session ought to be, and formerly was, a body representative of the political thought of the whole country. In its original shape it was the forum of Indian Liberalism, and could accurately be described as the nursery of the Morley and Montagu Reforms. But six years ago it was captured by Mr. Gandhi and his adherents, and ever since its adoption of the tenets of Non-Co-operation the National Congress has been little more than an agency for the registration of the many turns and compromises forced upon the Swarajist Party before and since the breakdown of the Gandhi policy. After his release from prison in 1924 the Mahatma found it impossible to resume his former position in the National Congress: his political influence was waning too rapidly for that, and since his withdrawal the successive leadership of the late C. R. Das and of Motilal Nehru has neither restored the influence of the Congress nor tended to the diminution of internal strife. At the Cawnpore session a year ago an attempt was made to uphold the standard of Non-Co-operation by the passing of a resolution reasserting the Swarajist refusal to consider the taking of office in the provincial Administrations. The chief practical question at Gauhati has been that of compromise or not upon this issue which has been made urgent by the partial successes of the Swarajist Party at the polls.

The President of the Congress, Mr. Srinivasa Ayangar, was in no easy position. He is a leading Swarajist from Madras, where his party holds the strongest position in the provincial Council. Mr. Ayangar is in favour of accommodation. He would accept office, and would go a long way to bring about a working arrangement between the Swarajists and the party now called by the somewhat cumbrous name of Responsive Co-operationist. But he is confronted by the national Swarajist leader, Pundit Motilal Nehru, whose uncompromising attitude has the support of the Swarajists from Bengal and other provinces. Mr. Ayangar accordingly found it necessary in his presidential address to make a statement of policy as close as could be to the

orthodoxy of Non-Co-operation. He declared unequivocally against the acceptance of office under existing conditions, and in favour of throwing out from the Budgets all measures introduced by the bureaucracy. The Swarajist Party, he argued, could be more serviceable to the Indian people as an Opposition than as a party in power. Moreover, no scheme of self-government could be acceptable unless it included full Indian control over the Civil Services, the Army, Navy, and Air Forces, and political relations with the Indian States. And so forth—offering, that is, the spectacle of a minority party leader, in a divided assembly of delegates, spreading an inconclusive discourse over a wide field of speculation, while refusing to recognize the logic of the elections, to say nothing of the recently exacerbated Hindu-Moslem antagonism.

There can be no doubt that the President of the National Congress would have had a much more sympathetic task if he could have come out with a forthright plea for a union of parties upon the basis of a regular Indian Opposition, ready to accept responsibility if and when the call should come. But the Congress at Gauhati was mainly Swarajist, with the influence of Bengal predominant, and as a result Mr. Ayangar forced himself to defend a position which he knew to be untenable. He was virtually powerless, indeed, because deprived of the aid of an ally upon whose good offices he had depended. Mr. Gandhi was present at Gauhati, and it was taken for granted that he would employ his unequalled personal influence on behalf of a union of parties and the formulation of a new political programme. But Mr. Gandhi, it is clear, had no such intention. He may have attended the National Congress, after his twelve months of retreat, with the purpose of attempting a restoration of harmony between the factions; but it must be remembered that the Mahatma is Non-Co-operationist in unchanging idea. He has never sanctioned the return to political action. He is totally uninterested in the Legislative Councils, and in the Swarajist tactics of obstruction. His principle being non-violence, he has always maintained that parliamentary obstruction is a method of fighting that has the vices of physical violence, since it works by hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. Hence he is found at Gauhati, made miserable by the faction that has destroyed his movement, but sitting far above the mêlée, resolutely refusing to be drawn into the chaos that has come about, as he believes, through the abandonment by the Swarajists of Non-Co-operation as it is understood by himself and was practised under his leadership.

The inevitable upshot of all this is that the National Congress meeting, a failure in itself because providing no opening for a fresh start on positive lines, was held in an atmosphere of mutual suspicion. The Swarajists realize that there is nothing left of the old programme; the Responsivists, though led by veterans of the pre-Gandhi Congress, are unable to make any impression upon the extremist party which, as one of its leaders confessed last year, still believes in Non-Co-operation, but is altogether lacking in the power to carry it out. It happens also, that the National Congress met in the shadow of the most sensational individual crime that has so far stained the relations of Hindus and Moslems, the murder in Delhi of the Swami Shraddhanda. By the Moslems of Upper India this man was looked upon as the most dangerous missionary of militant Hinduism, the spearhead of the present agitation against Islam. A Punjabi by race and an educationist by profession, he had accomplished a remarkable task as head of the Gurukus, a monastic school for boys of the Araya Samaj at Hardwar on the Upper Ganges—the most distinctive and the most rigorous institution for the restoration of Araya-Vedic beliefs and practices. As director of the Gurukus, Munshi Ram (such was his Punjabi name) had done probably more than any member of his community to establish the Araya Samaj as a definite social influence. He gave up his school, after fifteen years, for the life of the wandering mendicant and the labour of evangelism on behalf of the new Shuddhi movement, designed for the reclamation to Hinduism of certain communities which had been lost to Islam. This crusade has received almost no notice in the European Press, but it has been a factor of great importance in the socio-religious developments of recent years, and in the opinion of some authorities it has been responsible, in the Punjab and neighbouring provinces, for perhaps the major part of the religious strife of the past decade. This view of the importance of the Shuddhi movement may be an exaggeration, but the murder of its most prominent representative is a sufficiently striking indication of the force of Moslem fury aroused by its activities. The event at Delhi is of an importance which it is not possible at present to estimate. Of one thing only can we be sure—namely, that it brings to a miserable end any hopes that may have been entertained of a tolerable measure of Hindu-Moslem co-operation in the Councils that come into being this month. The Viceroy has repeatedly appealed for a systematic effort after a better communal feeling. It is perhaps true that the exchange of provocation between Hindus and Moslems during the election was somewhat less bitter than was anticipated. But it would be absurd to assume that the killing of the Swami is not a grave political tragedy. Along with the further display of Swarajist unwisdom at Gauhati it makes a depressing prelude to the Indian political year; but, as past experience has shown, elected Legislatures, even in India, can falsify the more dismal predictions.

REACTION IN FRANCE

THIS is a good moment to take stock of the political situation. The autumn session of Parliament, entirely devoted to the Budget for next year, has just ended, and the ordinary session of 1927 will begin, in accordance with the Constitution, on January 11th. There have been three by-elections for the Chamber this month, and on January 9th will be held the triennial senatorial election at which 109 of the 314 seats in the Senate have to be filled. M. Poincaré's prestige is untarnished. Indeed, it is increased by his success in getting the Budget through both Houses of Parliament in thirty-six days—a record, it seems, in the history of the Third Republic. It is true that trade is stagnant, there is no business on the Stock Exchange, and unemployment is seriously threatened, but nobody seems to mind, except the business men, who are demanding the stabilization of the franc, having at last discovered that a rising franc is at least as bad for trade as a falling one, and that instability is the real evil. The country is in a sort of mystical elation, like that produced by a religious revivalist campaign. Here and there some publicist ventures to suggest that the millennium has not yet dawned, but only as a rule with great precautions and in veiled language. Even the fact that retail prices have not fallen, in spite of the famous " price policy," does not shake faith in the Messiah. Besides, the papers say every day that they are going to fall, and the shops give at least the illusion that they have fallen already. The shop windows are filled with labels announcing reductions, with a higher price crossed out, but in most cases the lower price is that which was formerly charged. There are exceptions. Some tradesmen are selling at a loss or with an insignificant profit in

the hope of attracting buyers, for never since the end of the war has trade been so slack in Paris at Christmas.

Buyers, no doubt, are holding back in the hope of lower prices, but as regards Stock Exchange and wholesale transactions uncertainty is the paralyzing factor. For instance, the cloth manufacturers refuse to quote any prices at all for spring goods, and take orders only subject to future fluctuations. The President of an association of textile manufacturers in the South of France said in the PARIS-MIDI to-day that all the orders given for Easter in September and October had been cancelled, and that in a fortnight five thousand workmen would be dismissed, and half of them taken back with a reduction of 30 per cent. in wages. So on the Stock Exchange there are no buyers of Government stock or other securities, for nobody knows whether the franc will be higher or lower a few months hence. Industrial concerns dare not raise loans, however much they may need the money, for the same reason. On the other hand, there has been a great demand for National Defence Bonds. People will place their money only where they can realize it at short notice. The result is that the legal limit of the Bonds has nearly been reached, and no more Bonds at one month are to be issued. The Treasury, however, is filling the gap by inviting people to open deposit accounts from which they can withdraw their money at a month's notice. M. Jeune has suggested in PARIS-MIDI that this looks very much like a return to the system of unlimited short-term borrowing and an evasion of the law limiting the amount of the floating debt. No doubt, he added, it was right to refuse nothing to the Government of National Union, but what if another Government came into power? M. Jeune is an ironist.

If the business world is anxious and uneasy, the general public are quite happy in the conviction that M. Poincaré is in his heaven and all's right with France. The by-elections have shown a marked swing to the Right. They have also shown the Radical Party to be in a state of decomposition. The victory of the "National Union"—the new name for the "Bloc National"—in the Vosges was the least significant of the three, for the Department has always been Conservative and Nationalist, and the Left did a little better than at the general election of 1924. There was a large increase in the Communist poll, principally due, no doubt, to Socialist support in the absence of any Socialist candidates, but the fact that the Socialists could not run candidates is itself significant. The elections in the Departments of the Nord and Nièvre were disasters for the parties of the late Cartel. At the first ballot in Nièvre, when the total poll was considerably smaller than at the general election, Dr. Leboeuf, the candidate of the "National Union," described as a "Republican of the Left," had nearly as many votes as the list of the Bloc National in 1924, whereas the Socialists and Radicals together had little more than half as many and the Communist vote was about 50 per cent. higher. At the second ballot Dr. Leboeuf, who was opposed only by the Communist, had a substantial majority, and the figures showed that the Radicals voted for him. Nièvre has hitherto been a stronghold of the Left, and in 1924 returned three deputies of the Cartel and one of the Bloc National. In the Nord, where there were three seats vacant, all were carried by the "National Union,' although its list had not a clear majority—there was a majority of nearly 50,000 against it—and it polled about 88,000 votes more than in 1924. On the other hand, the Socialists lost about 15,000 votes, the other Cartel list about 79,000, and the Communists gained about 1,000. Such a result in such a Department is, as I have said, a disaster to the Left. It is true that there is still a majority of voters on the Left, but it is enormously diminished. A similar turnover all over France would mean a sweeping victory for M. Poincaré and the "Bloc National"—under another name.

The support given by the Radicals in Nièvre to the Government candidate may be explained by the fact that the only alternative was a Communist, but that explanation does not apply to the Nord, where there was a list of the Bourgeois Left. The majority of the Radical electors are more logical than their leaders. They think, quite reasonably, that, if the "National Union" is good in the Government, it must be equally good in the country, and that it is absurd for parties represented in the same Cabinet to fight one another at elections. The victory of the "National Union" is surely as much a victory for M. Herriot and M. Painlevé as for M. Poincaré. Meanwhile, the Radical Party is in fragments, but, since M. Herriot, when he went into the present Cabinet, must have known that he would probably destroy his party and have taken the risk for patriotic motives, presumably he is satisfied.

The disintegration of the Radical Party must have an effect on the Senatorial elections. The Senators being elected by delegates from the local bodies, a senatorial election represents the view of the country at the time when those bodies were elected—in the present case nearly two years ago—but it is influenced by feeling at the time of the election. The proportions of the various parties among the delegates are, of course, known, and, on the figures, the Left should gain from twenty to twenty-five seats on January 9th. In the Seine, which is one of the departments included in the election, the Left ought to carry all the seats, and all the senators of the Bloc National, including M. Millerand, should be defeated. But the chaos in the Radical Party makes the result quite uncertain. In many Departments the party is divided and Radicals are even opposing one another as candidates. In Seine-et-Oise the Radicals have rallied by a narrow majority to the "National Union," and the party will probably split. In short M. Herriot has plunged his party into confusion. It took the Radical Party fifteen years to recover from M. Clemenceau's gymnastics when he was Prime Minister for the first time. How long will it take the Radical Party to recover from M. Herriot?

The worst of it is that a reaction to the Right, however camouflaged, which, thanks to MM. Herriot and Painlevé, is now possible, would affect foreign policy. At the moment there is a lively intrigue against M. Briand and his policy both inside and outside the Cabinet. The Ministerial crisis in Germany is being exploited by the intriguers, who represent it as a proof that the policy of conciliation has failed. M. Marin is on the war-path, and the demand for a change of policy is becoming insistent in the Cabinet. At Geneva M. Briand got his own way on the whole, although he had to yield to M. Poincaré's hatred of arbitration. At any rate, a date was fixed for the withdrawal of the Allied Military Commission from Berlin, and the future of German disarmament was settled. It would not have been, had not M. Briand taken a firm line with his colleagues. The majority of the Cabinet are against his policy, and great pressure is being brought on M. Poincaré to exert his authority. The malcontents say that M. Briand is continuing the foreign policy of the Cartel—in fact, he has been far bolder than M. Herriot. Should the successes of the Right in the by-elections this month be repeated in the senatorial election, undoubtedly the opposition to M. Briand will be strengthened. M. Poincaré will, no doubt, do all in his power to prevent a split in the Cabinet, but everybody knows on which side in this dispute his sympathies lie. The weakness of M. Briand's position is that he has no support from the Radical Party, which, indeed, is not in a condition to support anybody.

ROBERT DELL.

LIFE AND POLITICS

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S plea in his Bradford speech for sympathetic treatment to be given to the reasonable demands of Chinese nationalism called down upon him a spate of abuse from Lord Birkenhead. It may be that Mr. Lloyd George went further than the facts warrant in what he said about the danger of a war being stirred up against the Chinese, but in essence it was a Liberal speech—even an old-fashioned Liberal speech. As one has heard it described as an indiscretion by Liberals as well as by Tories, I think it is only fair to make the point that Mr. Lloyd George has been justified by the event. He said in that speech that the proper thing to do in China is to carry out the decisions of the Washington Conference of 1922—the Conference which sat at the time of the Coalition Government here. This is exactly the solution put forward in the new British Note which was published the other day. Sir Austen Chamberlain agrees with Mr. Lloyd George, and his Note is a Liberal document. Owing to the quarrels of the Powers the Washington resolutions have been held up for four years, and the Government is now trying to bring them up to date, and to get something done. Mr. Lloyd George makes mistakes, but I cannot see that the Bradford speech was one of them, in its main point at any rate.

* * *

I was much entertained by reading the acidulated criticism of Mr. Oswald Mosley's by-election manners which Lord Apsley, one of the clever young Tories, contributed to a Sunday newspaper. Lord Apsley was delightfully cynical about it. He studied his subject at Smethwick in the spirit of a dramatic critic estimating the technique of an admired actor. You surmise that he *knows* his Mosley, and the knowledge gives zest to his appreciation of the public performance of the aristocrat who blacked himself all over for the rôle of democrat. Lord Apsley hints that admirable as the performance was, the actor overdid it a little at times. But the best passage in this expert critique is at the end. Lord Apsley is too much of a realist to join the cry against Mr. Mosley for his showmanship. He realizes that "unfortunately, a by-election must be won by publicity and advertisement," and he gently scolds his own side for its failure to compete with Mr. Mosley in this respect. He adds this precious word of advice, "While being vulgar let us even in our vulgarity run true to form." Your true Tory should wear his vulgarity with a difference.

* * *

A friend who has lately spent some weeks in the occupied area of Germany, and had fairly intimate contact with Germans of the educated though not of the official class, sends me some notes on the reactions of Germans in the occupied areas to the French and British occupations. I found everywhere, he writes, a remarkable uniformity of testimony. The Germans, being human, do not like any occupation, but they dwelt most on the difference between the French and the British occupying armies. That this was not mere politeness to an Englishman was proved to me by innumerable detailed evidences. I was in Wiesbaden and other parts of the occupied area that had been handed over from French to British occupation. The story was repeated to me again and again of the humiliation of moving about your own district showing passports, and showing them often to negro soldiers. By many incidents I was made to understand how the French made their occupation very visible indeed, and very humiliating. I can testify myself that the British occupation was as nearly invisible and as civil as an occupation can be, except that I would suggest, if Army regulations allow it, that it would be pleasanter if British officers attended the opera in mufti instead of full dress uniform. But no German mentioned this to me. I merely noticed it myself.

* * *

The Landau incident illustrates the French method at its worst, but smaller incidents sometimes mean more. Here is one. Koenigstein in the Taunus is a recruiting place for nervous patients. When I was there I noticed big barracks planted in the middle of a famous view. They were occupied by British soldiers, but the French had them built while they were in possession, and I was told had insisted upon that site, and had refused the one offered by the municipality, which was nearer the railway station. That was the French act. When the British took possession they occupied the barracks of course, and at first had firing practice there, or near by. Representations were made to them, and they promptly removed the firing practice three or four miles away into the hills and out of hearing. Apart from all this, German and English people get on better together than either English and French or French and Germans. It is difficult to explain. German manners are absurdly ceremonious, English manners are almost comically offhand. The racial mixture of France must surely be more like the racial mixture of England than the racial mixture of Germany. Yet the fact remains that in personal intercourse English people get on better with Germans in a homely, easy-going way than they do with French people. There is another thing that counts a great deal, and Germans do not hesitate to mention it in private conversation. Delicacy forbids me to go into details, but in what may be broadly called ideals of cleanliness and sanitation English and Germans have the same, shall we say, prejudices. This counted for a good deal in the occupations, and it counts for a good deal in intercourse. Both English people and Americans whom I met praised Germany for the comfort of meeting their own standards in these matters.

* * *

It is odd that the two chief pieces of news that partially filled the post-Christmas vacancy of the papers should have been from the East—the Liberal manifesto on China and the death of the Emperor of Japan. The prominence naturally given to this latter event is out of all proportion to its importance, for the late Emperor had been for years a fading shadow of a man—or a god. What matters for Japan in the immediate future is the new democratic era that will be opened at the next general election, when twelve million new voters will be entitled to vote. The prospect is causing the liveliest alarm throughout the country, or at any rate throughout its ruling and possessing classes. The Government is apparently trying desperately to put off "the great catastrophe" as long as possible, but the extension of the franchise, with its incalculable results, must come not later than 1928. The Government, under pressure from the people, is being forced to introduce sweeping economies on the Navy and other services, and (according to the latest news I have seen) the unwilling consent of the elder statesmen, who are in opposition, is wrung out of them by the fear of forcing a dissolution and so letting in the deluge of the new electorate. At every fresh crisis the ruling classes in the end combine in another effort to postpone the inevitable and to keep the door against the twelve millions who will soon be pushing upon it—*Après nous le déluge*.

* * *

As mild jollification at Christmas is not yet declared a "criminal act"—this was, I suppose, only a Shavian joke—I confess without shame to having spent an afternoon at the circus and another at the pantomime. "Conservative" as I am—I am told it on high authority—I rejoiced to find the circus holding its own against the triumphant machine, the screen, and the radio. The benevolent

presence of Lord Lonsdale, whose long cigar somehow imparted confidence, and his assurance that all was done by kindness, left me at ease to enjoy the gifted dancing horses, the small and cynical cycling elephant, and the crowd of clowns. (In this matter of clowns the maxim Nothing too much should be observed. Too many clowns spoil the mirth.) My favourite clown was a German, I think; at any rate, he displayed the traditional docility of the race, its wan patience in misfortune. We paid a call behind the scenes upon Hagenback's lions—it was at Olympia—and marvelled at the placid boredom of all the beautiful creatures—all except the kittenish cubs, new to an alien world, that gambolled engagingly, unwitting of their life's doom of sawdust and the cage. How is it that Paris can maintain two all-the-year-round circuses while London only has these short revivals at Christmas? There is something wrong here.

* * *

I chose the pantomime that ends in the proper spirit with a harlequinade, for I do not hold with those heartless modern affairs bristling with " topical allusions " like stale newspapers, nor do I relish much the kind where fun is etherialized into refinement and poetry. Pantomime should be silly, and it should be gorgeous, and if intellectual support is needed for this I believe it can be found (though I don't know where to find it) in the expressed preferences of Ruskin, a great pantomime-goer. Pantomime is a momentary release from the iron mechanism of cause and effect; its laws are the loud dicta of the big comedian, its diversions the touching delusions of the little one. No pantomime is worth the name unless it has a tiny comedian with pompous manners. As to gorgeousness, well, it cannot be too grossly splendid for me or for the children of a smaller growth; no one more anxious than I am to forget that these visions are made of nothing but bits of coloured glass and painted canvas. In short, I can commend " The Sleeping Beauty " at the Lyceum Theatre, not forgetting a word of praise to the witch, an intensely unpleasant, hard-working witch, with a voice like that of a Communist prophesying the fall of the bourgeois.

* * *

The selection memory makes, subconsciously I suppose, among one's impressions of travel is often very curious. I read by the fireside the other day a paragraph with the information that ten million francs, given for the purpose by Mr. Rockefeller, have been spent on the renovation of Versailles. What did I remember of Versailles? I put the paper down, and, gazing out into the cold, dark, Christmas weather outside, I let the dominant memory come to the surface. I felt again the glowing heat of that September afternoon, when I saw the place. It was a fête day; there was dancing and music on the broad terrace along that interminable façade; the fountains played, the water shone between the walls of green in that lordly vista. I remember little of the Palace except the toil and tedium of dragging round its over-decorated saloons—just a melancholy memory of desolate pomp. The Roi Soleil, supreme peacock of history, is now, he and all his belongings, a weariness to the mind. One thing, a little fleeting thing, still lived from that dazzling day. I sat among the trippers at the top of the steps and listened to the men dressed as huntsmen of the old regime blowing old tunes on the great French hunting horns. One group of huntsmen would play an air and at once, another group, concealed a little way off, would repeat it, with the effect of an echo. The melody ended on a note of peculiar depth and sweetness; there was something exquisitely rough in this note which I couldn't describe—Versailles to me is a concert of hunting horns in the sunshine, ghosts of a departed civilization, coming to that lovely close.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S OFFER

SIR,—Your article on Mr. Lloyd George last week contains this sentence:—

" We are inclined to deplore an over-fastidiousness on the matter of conditions which invests the final transaction with an undeniable suggestion of pretence."

The suggestion contained in this sentence is, I take it, that there really are conditions without the fulfilment of which the payment promised will not be forthcoming. Indeed, you say later, " It is plain Mr. Lloyd George does not mean to hand over his money to Mr. Vivian Phillipps."

I write, sir, to say that, so far as I understand the present situation, Mr. Lloyd George has agreed to hand over the interest on his fund in perpetuity literally without conditions. It may well be that he thinks the Administrative Committee can hardly take the money and leave its administration in the hands of a man pledged to ostracize him. That, indeed, seems an impossible position to many of us—even those who, like myself, backed up " the twelve " in the recent dispute, and to whom we still look for leadership. Further, I feel that to attack Mr. Lloyd George for having a separate fund, logically leads to a claim for the uniting of funds, and that that unification of funds cannot be generously carried out by accepting the money from the Lloyd George Fund and then ostracizing Mr. Lloyd George. I understand Mr. Lloyd George is risking that happening, but it looks so mean that my own view is that if it does happen the group whom I admire and follow will be discredited. They will have been manœuvred, or will have manœuvred themselves, into a position in which they will have done something shabby. That Mr. Phillipps should leave his present position will be regretted by all who, like myself, much admire that honourable, able, high-minded and devoted servant of Liberalism, but that he should keep the position and be paymaster of the new fund would be regretted for even better reasons.

But the original purpose of this letter was not to defend the report which I could not sign, or the recommendation which I did sign, but only to claim sincerity.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

Fir Cottage, Mirfield.
December 27th, 1926.

ANTI-VIVISECTION

SIR,—In reply to the questions of Mr. Ellinger in your last issue:—

A. (In fairness to Hewett, who was convicted of stealing them) the dogs referred to can scarcely have been " dying from neglect," since, according to the Magistrate's statement, they were stolen the same day; and, moreover, according to an eye-witness, it took several men some time to catch them when they escaped from Hewett's sack;

B. Animals are delivered to the laboratory in suitable crates (brought in a van), or else on a lead; there is no evidence that they are ever delivered in sacks;

C. They are always supplied in good condition and are kept in good condition in the laboratory. No sane man would accept from a tradesman animals " dying of neglect," any more than he would accept sour milk or decomposing meat;

D. If a dealer obviously misused his animals I imagine that physiologists, like other humane people, would refuse to deal with him; and, if the offence were rank, would report him to the police. In my experience the case has not arisen. No doubt this will be attributed to my low standard of morality.

E. How does the " girl student at the College " know that " the dogs would have been accepted," and " endeavours made to nurse them back to health "? Why attribute such generous actions to us, when we can perfectly well obtain, and do obtain, healthy animals from dealers?

F. In a recent anti-vivisection meeting at Hampstead, Miss Kidd stated that " in a campaign some years ago at Cambridge some students came and said that cats were delivered in large numbers in sacks, six to twelve in one sack. Imagine

how they fought and struggled! They were often found with their eyes torn out. When the sack arrived at the laboratory there was a large bin over the mouth of which the sack was placed, and the cats tossed in. Chloroform was then poured over them, and some of the cats succumbed entirely. Some were brought out and put on the operating table, and came round in the middle and were chased round the room." It would require the genius of Mr. Heath Robinson to do justice to this picture. Yet is the opinion of the "girl student" here of more value, as a statement of fact, than the evidence of the Cambridge students who witnessed these mythical activities there?—Yours, &c.,

A. V. HILL.

University College, London,
December 24th, 1926.

SIR,—The long article by Professor C. V. Hill, contained in your issue of December 18th, seems to be mainly directed towards side-tracking the real issue, namely, the ethics of vivisection as applied to dogs—on to a question of the minds and manners of certain of his anti-vivisectional correspondents. Every cause has its foolish and intemperate supporters, and opponents of the vivisection of dogs may, as Professor Hill remarks, find themselves in strange company. They also find themselves in the company of Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Bishop Westcott—and others of unusual eminence—men possessed of moral insight, as well as of brain power—and at whose impact on their generation, and on the civilized world, not even a professor of physiology would dare to sneer. I am not in favour of the total abolition of vivisection (though I would exempt dogs), but figures recently quoted prove, I think, that the whole practice has reached a stage when much more searching and unbiased inquiry and further restriction should be enforced. Sir Gregory Foster, in the TIMES of December 22nd, informs us that sixty-five men practise research work in his laboratories alone—and, as he calculates that each of these sacrifices nine dogs a year, we are led to assume that all the sixty-five experiment on dogs—a pleasing reflection for those of the public who, with a view to helping the sick poor, subscribe to the funds of University College Hospital. Professor Hill's suggestion that the police should capture stray dogs and, after a few days' impounding, convey them to vivisectional laboratories, is so impracticable, and, I fear I must say, so cruel, that I doubt if he has carefully considered it.

How are the police to know whether or not a stray dog has an owner? and how are the owners—often lonely working women, old people, and, in many cases, children, to find their way to the pound and claim their dogs? The condition of the dogs at University College before they are destroyed seems to be exceedingly doubtful, from the evidence of Frederick Smythe—who, as appears in the Press of December 23rd, rescued his dog, with some difficulty, from the College kennels. Smythe stated that his dog, after three days' confinement, *crawled* into the room, and that it had altered almost beyond recognition. What about the "admirable conditions" and the "skilled attendants" mentioned by Professor Hill in the article to which I refer?—Yours, &c.,

MARY G. BELL.

82, Portland Place, W.

SIR,—Professor Hill says in your paper that I wrote a letter to the TIMES "implying, though not daring to assert, what is notoriously untrue, that the insulin treatment of diabetes is ineffective."

This is quite inaccurate; I did not "imply" anything—I "dared" to make a statement, to which I adhere, that the use of insulin had not lowered the death rate per million living persons from diabetes, and I quoted the words of the Registrar General, in which he declared that since the restoration of the supply of sugar the mortality from diabetes "has risen again to a high level notwithstanding the introduction of insulin treatment."

The pursuit of Science does not seem to induce clear thought and accurate language.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

The Ford, Chobham.
December 23rd, 1926.

SIR,—Professor Hill tells us that he has a dog called Joey, who loves him. He also plainly expresses his approval of insulin experiments, which involve cutting out the pancreas of dogs, and keeping them alive afterwards under conditions of illness and suffering. He wishes stray dogs to be handed over for vivisection.

Now, by some accident, "Joey" might get lost and become a stray. Would Professor Hill agree to cutting out "Joey's" pancreas and keeping him alive afterwards? That is the only question. Other dogs are just like "Joey."

Vivisectors are fond of suggesting that death on the laboratory table is the same thing as death in a lethal chamber; in fact, that it is entirely devoid of suffering. Can Professor Hill explain why this very merciful form of death is not selected as the best method of ridding the world of murderers? The utility of such a plan would, I suppose, be beyond question. I do not advocate it. I ask Professor Hill if he does? And if not, why not?

I wish Professor Hill could see some of the letters I have received from medical men in London. One, to whom I had sent a reasoned criticism based on the Registrar-General's Returns (written by a doctor with qualifications equal to his own) returned it unstamped, with this chaste message: "Kindly use this as an enema, or in a similar manner." I am afraid even this sample will fail to pass your censorship of decency, but I could provide worse.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD,
Secretary, British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, 32, Charing Cross, S.W.1.

December 21st, 1926.

FAITH AND THE SLAVE TRADE

SIR,—In connection with the discussion which has taken place in your columns on this subject—on which Mr. Leonard Woolf's concluding note is obviously just—the following extracts from the "Memoirs of Joseph Hardcastle"—the first treasurer of the London Missionary Society—written by his daughter, the late Mrs. Alexander Haldane, may be of interest to some of your readers—as showing in what light the secularist element in the anti-slavery agitation was regarded by religiously minded associates in it:—

> "Among those who were Mr. Hardcastle's guests at Hatcham House was Thomas Clarkson, one of the originators of the struggle for the abolition of the slave trade, and the indefatigable champion of the oppressed Africans." (There is a note—"I never," says Mr. Townsend, "thought seriously of the slave trade till I read the incomparable pamphlet of Mr. Clarkson," &c., &c.) "Mr. Clarkson, soon after the commencement of his great work, became a frequent guest at Hatcham, and was animated in his exertions by the cordial sympathy of his friendly host, at a time when the object in which he was engaged was too often regarded as Utopian by multitudes who did not absolutely frown on his perseverance.
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> "It was there that Mr. Clarkson first became acquainted with his future wife, Catherine Buck, a niece of Mrs. Hardcastle; there also he wrote a great part of his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,'" &c.
>
> "The philanthropy of Thomas Clarkson seemed almost to be bound up with his nature, but it was many years before his soul was enlightened with the true light of this gospel. He was doing much that was right; his energies were embarked in a noble cause; but he neither knew himself, nor recognized the hand which girded him for the contest. . . . None can tell how the Holy Spirit was secretly influencing the heart of Thomas Clarkson during the many years which he passed without any comforting hope beyond the grave, and with no interest in spiritual things.
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> "Miss Buck was drawn to her future husband by her admiration of his philanthropic heroism. She was a young lady of no ordinary mind, and in her a powerful intellect was united with a most loving heart. Some of the most distinguished poets and philosophers of that day were her friends; but the wrongs which drove the French people into tumultuous revolution, for a time moved her sympathies towards a vain and sceptical rationalism, which was injurious to the life of God in her soul."

Clarkson and his wife were, in fact, what Mr. Joseph Hardcastle's family (Mr. Hardcastle was the writer's great-grandfather) used to describe, with bated breath, as Infidels; and although they were the principal agents in

interesting him and many of his associates in the Anti-Slavery cause (among whom his biographer specially mentions Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, Henry Thornton, Sir Charles Middleton, and Macaulay), the fact that they were themselves actuated by Christian inspiration to stimulate the advocacy, by these public men, of Christian policy, was, as Mrs. Haldane testifies, completely hidden from themselves. Their orthodoxy was evidently sub-conscious, latent, recessive, but assuming that they were really crypto-orthodox all the time, their case affords, perhaps, no answer to Mr. John Lee's challenge (in THE NATION of December 11th) to "Unbelief" to claim the right to any tribute for having transformed the moral basis of the relations between Africa and Europe.

A few years before his death, indeed (Mrs. Haldane records), Thomas Clarkson, having

> "been enlightened in the knowledge of the truth," expressed, she says, "the hope that it was not presumptuous to suppose that it *was* the Holy Spirit of God that moved him to undertake that cause to which he dedicated himself on the memorable occasion when, dismounting from his horse on the road to London from Cambridge (where he had recently gained the prize for a Latin Essay on Slavery) he sat by the wayside near Wade's Mill."

From which it might appear that it was the founder of the Cambridge Latin Essay prize that was really the first appointed instrument for this great purpose. And he, it may confidently be presumed from the requirements of the University Tests Acts, was assuredly an orthodox Churchman.

The circumstance that the most celebrated propagandist of the Anti-Slavery movement and his wife were (however erroneously) reputed, on their own professions, to be Freethinkers, may in some degree account for the stalwart opposition of the Established Church in the Colonies to the emancipation of slaves, and for the zeal with which the Colonial Church Committee not only "frowned on" Clarkson's "perseverance," but actually joined in the fierce persecution of William Knibb of Jamaica and other Dissenters who had been infected by his dangerous "enthusiasms."—Yours, &c.,

OLIVIER.

Old Hall, Ramsden.

WOMEN STUDENTS AT OXFORD

SIR,—A fund was started in 1895 for making loans to women who, after coming up to Oxford, find financial difficulty in completing the course which will help them to earn their living. It was named after Mrs. Johnson, a pioneer of women's education in Oxford, and many contributions were made to it in recognition of her valuable work. Loans are not made to any student until after her first term, and not more than £15 a term is granted to any applicant. No interest is charged. Repayments are made when the borrower begins to earn, and instalments are calculated at a percentage on her salary. There have been no bad debts.

The fund in 1895 stood at £124; now, in 1926, it stands at £1,140, but this increase is not adequate to meet the present increased needs of women undergraduates. The higher fees charged by the Women's Colleges (which were raised to meet the higher cost of living and tuition after the war) and the increased uncertainty of parents' incomes, make an augmentation of the fund a matter of urgent importance. The number of bursaries and grants from all sources available for women undergraduates is small. Applications have seldom been refused, but in many instances a smaller amount than was required has been granted.

A generous donation of £100 was made to the fund by the Thomas Wall Trust this spring. It was accompanied by a letter in which the hope was expressed that this donation would be a means of encouraging further gifts.

I am asking you to insert this letter in the hope that the fund will secure both the sympathy of your readers and contributions from them. I may add that the fund is administered by a committee consisting of the Principals of the five societies of women students in Oxford, of which I am the Secretary.—Yours, &c.,

L. GRIER.

(Principal of Lady Margaret Hall and Secretary and Treasurer of the Bertha Johnson Loan Fund.)

November 30th, 1926.

ITALY! O ITALY!

BY PHILIP MORRELL.

HOW surely, as you wind your way down from the mountains into the sweet familiar landscape, the old passion revives. In absence you may be critical, forgetful, unfaithful; it is a way that lovers have; but once you are back on this pleasant country's soil, it is useless to give yourself these airs. This country, we exclaim, is indestructible, unchangeable; her charm can never fail; and except by those who have felt it, can never be really understood. We may note down, one by one, its various advantages, as poets used once to make catalogues of the beauties of their mistresses' persons: not always very convincingly. How lovely the colour of its scenery; how magnificent its architecture and its art; was there ever a country so rich in buildings and things to see? How graceful and sympathetic are its people; how fascinating their language! Do not the very names of its towns thrill you—Pallanza and Como, Bergamo and Brescia, Verona and Vicenza—I give them in the order in which we came to them on our journey only a few weeks ago. But for us, who have once fallen under the spell, the love of Italy is something much subtler and more intimate than any such analysis can explain. It is like a second patriotism that comes to us, when it comes, quite instinctively, as part of the heritage of our civilized life, so that when we are there it almost hurts us that we should still be regarded as the foreigners we so undoubtedly are. "To how many people," exclaimed Erasmus, "is this country dearer, sweeter, more beneficent than their own?"; and how many chapters might not be filled with the praises, both in prose and verse, of those who, from that day to this, have felt this delightful passion? But it is to be feared that just now some of these hymns of praise, especially those written about the time of the Risorgimento, might appear a little out of date.

In looking over some old books the other day I came across a characteristic poem of this kind, written in the year 1818, a poem which may perhaps be known to some readers of this paper, though not now generally remembered. It is by one of two brothers—Julius and Augustus Hare—who in spite of their Cæsaric names were the exponents of a rather mild Wordsworthian philosophy, and had in their day a considerable vogue: an ode in Pindar's manner, very elaborate and high-flown, and typical of that romantic time. It begins:—

> "Strike the loud harp: let the prelude be
> Italy, Italy!
> . . . . . .
> Italy! O Italy, the very sound it charmeth
> Italy! O Italy, the name my bosom warmeth.
> High thoughts of self-devotions
> Compassionate emotions
> . . . . . .
> Rush to my troubled heart at thought of thee,
> My own illustrious injured Italy."

After this stirring prelude, the poet proceeds to describe, in two long stanzas and always with the same high

eloquence, the injuries of that oppressed country, till at last prophetically, though in calmer mood, he concludes :—

> " But when the glorious Queen
> As erst is canopied with Freedom's sheen,
> When I have pressed with salutation meet
> And reverent love to kiss her honoured feet,
> I then may die,
> Die how well satisfied!
> Conscious that I have watched the Second Birth
> Of her I've loved the most upon this Earth ;
> Conscious beside
> That no more beauteous sight can here be given,
> Sublimer visions are reserved for heaven! "

The poet, it is sad to think, never lived to sing his Nunc Dimittis. He died in Rome in 1834, some ten or twelve years before the first movements of that Second Birth for which he waited. But if his spirit still haunts those snowy mountains and consecrated fountains of which he loved to sing, and if amidst the sublimer visions of his present life he can discern anything of the canopy that now covers his erst glorious Queen, to what sort of music, we ask, is his loud harp—his harp of gold—likely to be tuned? Does his illustrious injured Italy delight him as of yore; are his denunciations of her enemies as fierce, his visions of her future as serene; or are the mountains perhaps echoing to some sombre dirge for the Freedom that came to her and has perished?

It was on March 23rd, 1919—just 101 years after the writing of Mr. Hare's Ode—that Benito Mussolini, once editor of AVANTI!—a Socialist paper now long ago suppressed—and leader of the extreme wing of the revolutionary party, set up at Milan the first *Fascio di Combattimento*, the type and working model of that new organization that was to bring such great changes to Italy. To him, as to St. Paul, conversion had come suddenly, though the method and results were very different. At a meeting of the Socialist Party soon after the outbreak of the Great War, he had turned and denounced all his Socialist colleagues for their cowardice and want of patriotism. He was in due course expelled from the party, and was soon the most virulent persecutor of the faith he had once preached. From being Editor of AVANTI he became in 1915 the founder and first Editor of IL POPOLO D'ITALIA, that great patriotic daily paper which did so much to secure the intervention of Italy in the War; and four years later, on his return from the front, where he played a creditable though undistinguished part, he was busily engaged in founding, not only at Milan, but all through Italy, those little societies of Fascists, of which he became at last the only leader. Three years later came the revolutionary march on Rome, which has just been so fervently celebrated. To-day, after many anxieties and conspiracies, after many assassinations attempted, and many murders and outrages achieved, Fascism, it would seem, is more firmly established than ever; its decrees made absolute, its opponents silenced and dispersed, its system of martial law " legalized "; and Mussolini, who once boasted that he had trampled on the rotting corpse of Liberty, has become the undisputed master of his country.

His achievement, we are sometimes told, is not difficult to understand. To the Italian mind the ancient institution of Parliamentary government, which depends for its success upon so many checks and compromises, and upon all those unwritten traditions and conventions which are known as playing the game, has never acquired that venerable respectability which belongs to it in its original home. Even in England the rules of the game are sometimes forgotten, but in Italy they have never been learnt, with the result that the game is played so badly that it is painful to watch it. And in those years of disillusionment that followed the Peace of Versailles, when in every nation of Europe there was a spirit of rebellion and a new cult of Communism and disorder, the state of Italy, so the apologists of Fascism assure us, was deplorably bad, its Government helpless and corrupt, its finances hopelessly involved, with riots, murders, robberies everywhere, and an imminent danger, so it seemed, of a relapse into Bolshevism or anarchy. Is it surprising then, they say, that this gospel of Fascism, with its promise of a new Italy, by whatever means it might be reached, was hailed by many thousands of earnest souls as the only hope of deliverance, and Mussolini as the new saviour of society? To many of us even that is surprising enough; but to me the most surprising fact is this: that in a time of profound peace, and on the morrow of a great victory, by which large portions of Italia Irredenta had just been added to the nation's territory, a single energetic man, a journalist by profession, who had never held any high command, and could rely on no organization but these bands of enthusiastic youths, armed, as it has been said, with bludgeons and castor-oil bottles, should have succeeded in seizing supreme power, and that a great and enlightened nation, which had once known the blessings of Freedom should submit almost without a struggle to what appears to be so crude a tyranny. I have a great respect for the profession of journalism, but surely never before since printing was invented has there been amongst the editors of newspapers so autocratic, so forcible a man.

For the present, at any rate, Fascism is supreme, and this new religion which its leader has preached with such courage, such eloquence, and, as religious people would say, with such amazing power, is accepted by thousands of well-meaning folk as the only secret of salvation. In this attitude, no doubt, there is an element of fear; but there is faith as well; for like all good preachers Mussolini has the secret of inspiring his followers with some of the earnestness he feels. These young men in their black shirts, who make up the Fascist militia with its three fundamental principles of " order, discipline, hierarchy," these young men, for all their crimes and follies, are terribly, fanatically, in earnest. You cannot come across them as we came across them at times in the course of their duty—not always quite happily—or listen to them, as we listened to them at Bergamo, singing their Fascist hymn, and have any doubt of their faith. To themselves, as to many thousands of their countrymen, they are the disciples of a new religion, the makers of a new and better Italy. And their patriotism, as we are often reminded, is a religion not of faith only, but of works. Has not Fascism already improved the finances, and made railway trains cleaner and more punctual, and helped to mitigate the evils of the tipping system, and stopped unnecessary strikes? Sometimes even in its most romantic statements there is a strangely practical air. Take that recent resolution of the Fascist Grand Council, which was only reached after two all-night sittings at 5 a.m. on the morning of October 9th and duly submitted to the Cabinet for approval :—

> " Fascism, which has now reached the highest mark of efficiency, and is fully conscious of the tasks and of the responsibility assigned to it in the present historical period, expresses its firm determination to fight to the end under the orders of the Duce the battle in which it is engaged for Italy's economic independence and for the revaluation of the lira."

What aim could be better or more eloquently expressed? Perhaps also some day—we travellers are inclined to murmur—if Fascism survives and continues its high tasks, it will fight to the end another similar battle for the improvement of the roads.

But how and when will all this ferment end? To what ultimate goal, or to what abyss is this new movement

carrying us? That men who have known freedom will not submit for ever to the sort of tyranny that now exists must be plain even to the blackest of the blackshirts. Will Fascism some day disappear and the old forms of justice and government be restored? Or will it somehow succeed in creating out of itself a new and more tolerable system? For all true lovers of Italy, to whatever country we belong, these are the thoughts, as Mr. Hare would say, that rush to our troubled hearts. Happy, illustrious, much injured country, perhaps the fairest of all countries in the world, what a strange history it has had.

HAS THE DEVIL A TAIL?

I SHOULD have answered that question fifteen years ago quite emphatically by saying "No." But the forces of incredulity are gathered to-day into little citadels where they have hard work to keep the old flag flying.

Let me say at once that I do not refer to the silly sentimental devil of literature and romance. I refer to him as an objective phenomenon, visible here and now, "with clawes upon his hands and feit like a griffon," in the words of an old witch's confession. I should like to know in what places sorcerers do still evoke him by means of the Black Mass, and seal compacts with his very presence in letters of blood; whether orgies resembling the Witches' Sabbats are still held, and whether familiar demons, in the shape of a man or woman, are still found, on good evidence, to seize and possess the bodies of devotees.

I ask because if I can find out in what place these things are being done, I intend to go. I have long had a curiosity to see the devil, only repressed for many years by the cold refusal on the part of my friends to believe that it was possible for him to be seen. Nor did I ever expect, during those years, that I should some day open a book in which their attitude of mind would be described in so many words as a silly superstition. But listen to Mr. Montague Summers* :—

> "Dom Calmet, it is true, has very mistakenly said: 'To attempt to give a description of the Sabbat is to attempt a description of what does not exist and has never existed.' . . . Happy sceptic! But unfortunately the Sabbat did, and does, take place; formerly in deserted wastes, on the hillside, in secluded spots, now, as often as not, in the privacy of vaults and cellars and in those lone empty houses innocently placarded 'To be Sold.'"

And again :—

> "Often they seem to concentrate their vile energies in the quiet cathedral cities of England, France, Italy, in vain endeavour to disturb the ancient homes of peace with the foul brabble of devil worship and all ill."

It seems clear to me that the Home Secretary should inquire into this. I have a vision, not, I hope, diabolically inspired, of the arrival of some flying squad of policemen, some in evening dress and some in plain clothes, arriving at one of those lone and empty houses innocently placarded "To be sold," and insisting on the names and addresses of the guests there assembled. There would be one, a goat-like figure I take it, who would give no name, nor habitation, and without fuss or disturbance be touched on the shoulder, or maybe the hock, and requested to come along quietly, please. The others, women for the most part, I imagine, would disperse with a few foul shriekings to their homes.

But not upon broomsticks; no. I should have preferred broomsticks. But on this question of broomsticks my author, for some reason which I cannot understand, is sceptical. That witches were, and still are, transported to their hellish orgies to meet a personal friend, he has no doubt. Indeed, he could have no doubt. The authorities are too weighty and too numerous. But he boggles at the broomstick idea :—

> "Throughout the whole of the records there are very few instances where the witness definitely asserted that he had seen a witch carried through the air mounted upon a broom or stick of any kind, and on every occasion there is patent and obvious exaggeration to secure an effect. . . . Julian Cox (1664) said that one evening, when she was in the fields about a mile away from the house, 'there came riding towards her three persons upon three Broom-staves, born up about a yard and a half from the ground.' There is obvious exaggeration here; she saw two men and one woman bestriding brooms and leaping high in the air. They were, in fact, performing a magic rite, the figure of a dance."

Frankly, in view of the present congested state of metropolitan traffic, I find this agnosticism rather irritating. I see no reason why witches should be transported to abominable rites on public motor-'buses, or even, however symbolically appropriate the atmosphere, on the Underground.

The cry of the travelling witch has at all times been "Har! Har! Har! Altri! Altri! Harowe! Harowe!" Not that (*pace* Mr. Summers) the first three words of the slogan can be taken in evidence against them, since, if I am to trust the statement of a reporter, this very ejaculation was used quite recently by the Dean of St. Paul's when he was asked to give a further opinion about the subsidence of the Cathedral dome. We must be fair, even to witches.

That they do arrive, however, that they do hold communion with the foul fiend himself, or his familiars, seems to be indubitable. Modern practices have indeed helped to solve the mystery of these unhallowed interviews. We can almost guess, thinks my author, how the business is done :—

> "Can we not look to the phenomena observed in connection with ectoplasm as an adequate explanation of this? It must fairly be admitted that this explanation is certainly borne out by the phenomena of the materializing séance, where physical forms that may be touched and handled are built up and disintegrated again in a few moments of time. . . . And if disembodied spirits can upon occasion, however rare, thus materialize, why not evil intelligences, whose efforts at corporeality are urged and aided by the longing thoughts and concentrated will-power of those who eagerly seek them?"

Why not, indeed?

After all, the Widow Bash of Barton in Suffolk stated in 1645 that the devil appeared to her as a dark, swarthy youth, and Gentien Le Clerq, tried in 1614, said that his mother presented him at the Sabbat when he was but three years old to a monstrous goat whom they called "L'Aspic."

And in this very street where I live there is a lone, empty house, innocently placarded "To Be Sold." I do not wonder that the house-agent has often seemed to me to be a sinister-looking man.

I hold no brief for superstitious doubt. Yet it sticks in my throat that granting the objective appearance of fiends in twentieth-century England, and the continuance of the Sabbat, however thinly disguised under the name of Spiritism, the poor witch should be denied her broomstick chariot, while the devil still retains his burning eyes, his rank smell, and the full use, according to Mr. Summers, of all his mediæval limbs.

E. V. KNOX.

* "History of Witchcraft and Demonology." By Montague Summers. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

THE DRAMA

THE FESTIVAL THEATRE

THE "Festival Theatre," lately opened at Cambridge by Mr. Terence Gray and Mr. Harold Ridge, offers many points of interest as a bold experiment. Instead of endless talk, at last we have the thing. Its object is to produce the best plays, old and new, under the best conditions, and to make a centre at which other Repertory Theatres can hold a festival. This last point must await developments, but arrangements are already being negotiated for an interchange with Mr. Fagan's Playhouse at Oxford, though it is doubtful if the actors will be able to play happily in each other's theatres.

For, reconstructed out of an old eighteenth-century playhouse, the "Festival Theatre" is attempted on the newest lines. It has a wide stage, with no proscenium arch, thus abolishing the "picture" and "fourth wall" conventions, and is provided with steps descending towards the audience, as at the "Vieux Colombier." It has a revolving platform in the middle of the stage, and a sliding platform at the back: the object of these is to enable rapid changes of scene to be made, but it would appear that the revolving part is not large enough. Difficulties may also arise in modern realistic productions owing to the wide, or rather non-existent proscenium, and one would like to suggest that a sliding one should be installed later, as curtains are not really satisfactory: this would also give room for scenery at the side. Another feature is the up-to-date lighting arrangements, the virtue of which consists largely in the absence of footlights. But this also has its disadvantages, for though light from below is abominable, light only from above hides the lower part of the face too much, and minimizes expression. This difficulty was also met with at the East London College Theatre, and was got over, but the best remedy seems to be lights suspended above the audience, as at the "Vieux Colombier" and the "Atelier." Light from the gallery is too high and too faint. Side lighting is possible, but the crab is that it reduces depth. Perhaps at this theatre the hindmost row of lights is too close to the elliptical horizon, so that the rays are not dispersed before reaching it.

Mr. Gray may count himself a disciple of Mr. Gordon Craig, and it is refreshing to see someone trying to carry out the principles of that master-theorist, and not vulgarizing them after the manner of Reinhardt. The scenery consists chiefly of screens, blocks, and curtains, which are made to look very effective with the Schwabe-Haseit lighting: but the electrician must be warned not to ring the changes too often: we do not want a colour-symphony in the theatre: that may be left to the Moscow Jewish theatre. The resultant of scenery should be that it does not seem to exist, so that the movements and gestures of the actors can have full scope, and this was achieved when the "Oresteia" was played. Mr. Gray, and his producer Mr. Prentice, are alive to the value of single- and mass-movements on the stage, but do not rush into Expressionist errors; it is to be hoped that they will keep clear of Kamerny Theatre tricks: the fear one has is that they may neglect diction in the interest of other things. The Opera House at Buda-Pesth, and the theatre at Belgrade have all kinds of contraptions, but that is not enough. It cannot be too much insisted that the basis of drama is words. Mr. Gray protests in one of his books that modern drama is too literary: what he means is perhaps that it is too literal, for since literature, as opposed to the slice of life, is symbol, the drama cannot be too literary. Certainly he has chosen a fine repertory, from Æschylus to Georg Kaiser, and this is one of the most exciting features of the theatre, for there we shall be able to enjoy plays we cannot see either on the "commercial" stage, or at the ordinary repertory theatre. Perhaps there is too great a tendency towards the "poetic drama" so-called: but a breakaway from realism, and it is timely, need not involve this. Still, if Mr. Gray has Mr. Gordon Bottomley, he also has Strindberg: if he has Maeterlinck, he also has Mr. W. J. Turner.

The audience is well catered for, and in graceful surroundings. The seats are comfortable, and from each of them an uninterrupted view of the stage can be obtained: there are also temporary seats for late-comers. The programmes, which are printed so as to look like luminous ink on black paper, can be read while the house-lights are down: it is a pity a less rustling paper has not yet been procured. There is ample room for the orchestra below the stage, with outlets for sound, but so far the natural instincts of the musicians has led them to demand a more prominent position. It is too early as yet to judge of this admirable venture, particularly as Mr. Gray has not so far got hold of a reliable and well-trained cast: but at any rate as an experiment it cannot fail to be valuable, and the results so far obtained make us heartily wish success to these adventurers in setting forth.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE great merit of Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay's matinées at the Polytechnic, Upper Regent Street, consists in the fact that they really are intended for children and not for "young people of all ages." I detected nothing that was impish, modish or quaint, and the children in the audience all seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. Miss Mackinlay sings her folk songs and Christmas carols with an all too rare simplicity, and the dances of her children were full of spirit. One of them, I thing Master Anning was his name, had the temperament of a real comic. Mr. Harcourt Williams produced a small drama, "Beauty and the Beast," which had all the proper charade quality. Uncles may rest assured that nephews and nieces, as long as they are not too sophisticated, will get what they want at the Polytechnic.

* * *

"When Knights were Bold," which is having its seasonal run at the New Scala, is still the wreck of a first-rate entertainment. Mr. Bromley Challenor understudies the lamented Jimmy Welch with enthusiasm if not with genius, and keeps up a considerable clatter of high spirits. His troupe are rather too provincial in their technique, however, to tickle the jaded appetite of the London playgoer. The actor who played the footman was the only one whose methods were modern. But the original production was an extremely good one, and it is interesting to see it still peeping through to-day. "When Knights were Bold" is the best farce that has been written since "Charlie's Aunt," but the dialogue is wearing rather thin and the necessary gagging was far from adequate. Rewritten, reproduced, and well acted, it should be as amusing as ever; for its satire has a universal appeal.

* * *

One would have said that Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" could not be touched without being spoilt, and that to add to its beauty was impossible. Yet this was done in the interpretation which was given by the children at Miss Gilpin's School in Weybridge last week. As William Clissold says, "Because one sets out to do big things, it doesn't follow one is presumptuous." And Miss Gilpin set out to do a big thing, and did it, and proved that she had not been presumptuous. The striking thing about this poem is that, while it is weird, eerie, and "impossible," it is at the same time intensely dramatic, and its descriptions are marvellously realistic. This, in one way, makes it comparatively easy in interpretation. But in another way these very characteristics make difficult the creation of the unreal atmosphere of the poem. But this atmosphere was produced by the children. It was done in large part by the choice of music, which was in some cases specially written by Antony Bernard for interpretations in Dalcroze eurhythmics of such things as the storm and the sea-snakes. The flight of sea-birds, to the music of Debussy, interpreted by three children, formed a prologue and epilogue. An unforgettable picture was the rendering of the flight of the wounded albatross, as she trailed her broken wing, and finally sank dead at the feet of the Ancient Mariner. The presentation of the various incidents of the poem took a very bold and original form. The Ancient Mariner told his

tale from the centre of the hall, and most of the story as he told it took place on and from the platform, down a slope, and down the centre to where he sat. There was no doubt that, as we listened, we were as spellbound as the Wedding-Guest, when (to take one instance only) he spoke the words :

> " The sun came up upon the left,
> Out of the sea came he!
> And he shone bright, and on the right
> Went down into the sea."

We looked down the hall to where the Ancient Mariner was pointing and saw against the deep blue background of the platform a great sun appear and pass from a kneeling figure to a standing one and again disappear. The interpretation throughout was in the same simple and realistic style.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, January 1.—Royal Choral Society, " Messiah," at 2.30, at the Royal Albert Hall.
Festival Performance of the English Folk Dance Society, at 8, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Sunday, January 2.—Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on " Can England Rise Again? " at 11, at South Place.
D'Annunzio's " La Gioconda," at the R.A.D.A. Theatre, Malet Street.

Monday, January 3.—Mr. Boris Anrep on " Mosaics," at 8, at the Royal Institute of British Architects.
" Twelfth Night," at the Old Vic.
" Open Spaces," at the Q Theatre.

Tuesday, January 4.—B.B.C. Chamber Concert (France), at 8.15, at the Grotrian Hall.

Wednesday, January 5.—Mr. J. M. Keynes on " Liberalism and Industry," to the Liberal Candidates' Association, at 8.15, at the National Liberal Club.
Miss Lilian Barker on " The Girl Delinquent," at 5.30, at University College.
Professor Charles R. Darling on " The Story of a Wireless Valve," at 8, at the Royal Society of Arts.

Thursday, January 6.—Miss Rebecca West's Lecture, " On the American Novel," at 8, at King's College (P.E.N. Club).

OMICRON.

A DIVER

Towards his hole,
Startled, he lunges,
Flirting to sight
His fleecy tail—
A snowy sail
That grips the light!
Into a grassy sea
The whole bark plunges.

Far before the wind-puffs roll
Waves whose green tops wag silently;
Drowned in their depths—and in my gulfing eyes—
Pert, timid, scampering Beauty
Securely lies.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

TIVOLI Strand Gerr. 5222.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAYS at 6 & 8.30.
The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production
"BEN-HUR"
with
RAMON NOVARRO
Produced by Fred Niblo

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. Gerrard 3929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.
ROOKERY NOOK.
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.
ESCAPE. By JOHN GALSWORTHY.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. LEON M. LION.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square. Sloane 5137 (2 lines).
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.
THE FARMER'S WIFE.
FOURTH YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN

DRURY LANE. Gerr. 2588. Evenings, at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play. A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.
NELSON KEYS, EDITH DAY, DEREK OLDHAM.

KINGSWAY THEATRE. (Ger. 4032.)
TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 & 8.30 (For 4 Weeks only).
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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LIFE THAT IS A VISION

IN "Autobiographies" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), which has just been published in Mr. Yeats's Collected Works and contains his "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" and "The Trembling of the Veil," Mr. Yeats tells us how in exasperation he said to Florence Farr: "How can you be a character actor, you who hate all our life, you who belong to a life that is a vision?" An ordinarily sententious gentleman or lady of the nineteenth century might well have replied to Mr. Yeats: "All life is a vision," and, though nowadays we do not speak like that, being terrified of committing ourselves or of taking ourselves seriously, even the twentieth century would have to admit that the generalization is true. Certainly Mr. Yeats's life in this book was a vision, a very charming and charmingly written vision which was dreamed in the 'nineties and could not have been dreamed at any other moment of the world's existence.

* * *

This appearance of life as a vision is one of the things which makes a good biography or autobiography so fascinating. Three reprints (more or less), besides Mr. Yeats's, which have just been published, illustrate the point, and also the further point that the generation in which the vision is dreamed stamps its character indelibly upon the fabric of the dream. The Clarendon Press has republished the "Memoir of Jane Austen," by her nephew James Edward Austen-Leigh (7s. 6d.). The vision is that of the eighteenth century changing into the nineteenth. Then comes a curious book which probably not many people have ever heard of: "The Passionate Pilgrim, or Eros and Anteros," by Francis Turner Palgrave, with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson (Peter Davies, 6s.). This is 1860 in full bloom. Mr. Yeats, as I have said, belongs to 1890. Last, Mr. W. H. Davies has run together his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" and two of his other books to make a new one, which he calls "The Adventures of Johnny Walker, Tramp" (Cape, 7s. 6d.). And we are here in the twentieth century.

* * *

These books show well the visionary quality of life, and, still better, the remarkable variations in its substance from generation to generation. Particularly is this the case if you compare Palgrave with Mr. Davies or even with Mr. Yeats—all three professional writers. Palgrave is known to everyone as the anthologist of the "Golden Treasury." In real life he was, I believe, one of the most incontinent and boring talkers of his age; indeed it is said that once at a dinner party he talked the unfortunate lady next to him into a dead faint. I must confess to feeling some of the poor lady's symptoms while I read "The Passionate Pilgrim." Mr. Brimley Johnson's introduction implies that it has claims to be a work of real merit. To my mind, it is an incredibly bad book, an intolerable book except in so far as it shows what a fantastic vision of life Palgrave belonged to. The book tells the story of Palgrave's unsuccessful love of a young lady called Désirée. To compare it with Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris," a book which only just misses greatness, is as reasonable as to compare Marie Corelli with Charlotte Brontë. You can open any page of "The Passionate Pilgrim" at random, and this is the kind of stuff you will find:—

> "That we shall die, and forget, or sadder still (to pass on to more serious essays), live, and by conviction of the brief vanity of life, acquiesce in a pious indifference: that the resignation of faith here will receive recompense hereafter . . . I have heard these lessons often, and from no mean preachers: and yet—
>
> Like a man in wrath the heart
> Stood still and answered, 'I have felt.'"

* * *

The fertility of Palgrave's mind in producing platitudes is really terrifying, and the facility of his tongue or pen in finding the maximum number of words and quotations in which to express a platitudinous thought is astonishing. As for passion—the passion of this Victorian pilgrim seems to be a strange compound of Bowdlerized Byronism, sermons, and Matthew Arnold. And yet the book is interesting because it shows one what an extraordinary vision life could be in 1860 to an over-cultured assistant private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, who spent his holidays with Tennyson. It is a vision of culture, high-mindedness, and romance. Compare Palgrave with Mr. Yeats and Mr. Davies, and you see how the world and the vision changed in thirty years. Their books are really just as "literary" as Palgrave's, for both are born writers, but the flummery of literature, nobility, and romantic passion which overwhelmed Palgrave have vanished. Mr. Davies is an incurable romantic, and life is to him a romantic vision. But deliberately he seeks it among tramps and thieves and in doss-houses and workhouses. His book is in the line of "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye," and, though it has not their greatness, it is good enough to stand on the shelf beside them. Life to Mr. Davies is a vision of the road, but, being of the twentieth century, the road itself and the queer people who tramp it are for him a sufficient vision. All flummery of word and sentiment and culture are stripped off, and the note of the book is a determined simplicity.

* * *

While on the subject of biographies and autobiographies, I may mention two of a very different type which I have just read. To Osman Digna, who died a few days ago, the Dervish leader who fought against us under the Mahdi and the Khalifa, life was indeed a vision, though very different from that of his contemporary, the author of "The Passionate Pilgrim." For twenty years this fanatical Arab and ex-slave trader fought against Britain in the Sudan, and then, captured after Omdurman, he spent twenty-six years in captivity, living "more and more either in the dim remembered past or in contemplation of the world to come." His story has been told admirably by Mr. H. C. Jackson, of the Sudan Political Service, in "Osman Digna" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). The other book I have barely space to mention, though it is a "Royal" biography of more than usual interest. Its author is Prince Nicholas of Greece, brother of King Constantine, whose hard fate many people rejoiced over, though others considered it undeserved; its title is "My Fifty Years" (Hutchinson, 21s.). The vision which this Prince gets when on the last page of the book he looks back over his fifty years is also a vision of the tremendous upheaval which Europe has seen in the last half-century. His life began among relations who were Tsars, Emperors, and Kings. Their photographs add beauty, interest, or sometimes amusement to his pages. To-day most of them and their thrones have vanished, while he himself is, as he says, "without a country and without a home." But, as he justly adds, "after all, a broken life with a clean conscience is a finer achievement than fame and glory built on ruins."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

HENRY JAMES

Henry James: Man and Author. By PELHAM EDGAR. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.)

THIS is a systematic and detailed study. After a short semi-biographical account of James's early life, Mr. Edgar divides his theme into seven parts: "The American Short Stories," "Short Stories: General Group," "The Literary and Artistic Group," "The Supernatural Group," "Converted Dramas," "The Letters, the Prefaces and Literary Criticism," and "The Major Novels." These seven chapters occupy over three hundred pages; the biographical chapter, on the other hand, is only given four, the conclusion, in which one might have expected a summing-up, again only four. This being so, it is difficult to see the justification for one part of the title, for of Henry James the man Mr. Edgar tells us hardly anything. In the preface, indeed, he confesses that his concern is not "to re-establish Henry James in his habit as he lived; gossip and anecdote will not be invoked for aid; and such stray wisps of biographical fact as drift into the record will serve only to indicate the conditions under which his work was produced." It is the author, then, that he presents, and he does so in detail. But the chapter which should have clinched the presentation is short, inconclusive, and indeed as nearly as possible absent. Can it be that after analyzing the stories so painstakingly Mr. Edgar has really come to no conclusion that could be formulated? "The important problems presented by Henry James's literary effort have at least emerged in the preceding analysis," he says, "and lie open to the reader's judgment. My own inferences from the evidence are necessarily personal, and I have not the presumption to suppose that I can sway opinions that are legitimately, if obstinately, bent in a contrary direction." Yet the whole book is a demonstration of the illegitimacy of these apparently legitimate opinions, and one can only wonder in what sense the author uses those terms. Perhaps it is the fact that he is an admirer, an apologist, a worshipper almost of James, that makes the final effect so inconclusive. He is too completely absorbed by the spirit of James, loves his works, his attitude, his idiosyncrasies too much, to bring himself to the final, cold point of judgment. The novels are a criticism and interpretation of life, he says; but he makes no effort to appraise the value of that interpretation and that criticism. He notes, sometimes with felicity, James's exquisite sense of composition, but he does not designate very definitely its quality. He treats James, indeed, too much as a privileged case in literature, the property of a small congregation of worshippers: very much as two or three decades ago Ibsen was treated. The vice of this kind of approach is that, while sanctifying the faults of its object, it delays any complete conviction of its merits. Ibsen really stands higher now that he can be criticized than he did when he was only worshipped. Mr. Shaw's rank, too, has risen since he was taken from the Shavians and given to the intelligent public. James still remains the victim of disciples.

Mr. Edgar, it is true, is an intelligent disciple; he has an intuitive understanding of James's aims; he sees a number of his faults; but he has never really questioned him; we never see him as he is; we see only the myth which admiration and infatuation have created. The tenor of the book betrays this, and it may be seen amusingly in one or two stray remarks. When Mr. Edgar says, for example, that "candour compels the admission that in the creations of Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoieffsky, there is a more diversified and an intenser play of life," we wonder at the strength of the prejudice which could twist this obvious truth into such a form. It would be as pertinent to "confess" that "Cranford" is scarcely so vast in conception as "War and Peace." Writing of the London scenes in "The Princess Cassimassima," Mr. Edgar says again:—

> "Many and fine though the passages are that render the life of the teeming city, we yet do not obtain from his pages the acrid savour of reality that we taste in Dickens and Wells. He is not willing to sacrifice an orotund fullness for the sake of vividness, and the art of representation is better served—the confession must be made—by their coarser, staccato methods."

And we feel that in reality James played the superior part here, that, indeed, it was rather disreputable in Dickens and Wells to have surpassed him by using means which were less refined. Touches such as these make one welcome the trenchant sentence from Mr. Van Wyck Brooks which Mr. Edgar quotes more in sorrow than in anger near the end. "Magnificent pretensions, petty performances! the fruits of an irresponsible imagination, of a deranged sense of values, of a mind working in the void, uncorrected by any clear consciousness of human cause and effect." That goes too far in depreciation, just as Mr. Edgar goes uniformly too far in praise. Yet it is the most suggestive sentence in the book, and raises more vital questions than any that Mr. Edgar sets going. Whatever its truth, it is a starting point for criticism; it makes us question James, and Mr. Edgar never really does that.

The author insists frequently on James's preoccupation with civilization. The civilized consciousness, indeed, alone interested him, and he went the length of holding, as Mr. Edgar admits against the obvious truth, "that characters are interesting only in so far as they are aware of the predicament in which they stand." But his conception of civilization was neither profound nor comprehensive. He saw it to the end as an outsider coming upon it suddenly might see it for the first time. It represented to him luxury, grace, tradition, the smoothness of English lawns which delighted him so much, perhaps because it was a symbol of a general smoothness, of the surface of civilization which is as much its disguise as its expression. When he came in his stories to postulate and resolve moral problems, these were not problems of life, but of this civilization which had not the value he gave it, but one far more contingent. It is this which made him sometimes so strangely sentimental, as, for instance, in "The Death of the Lion"; it is this, too, which gave him the opportunity for an ingenuity and subtlety unequalled by any of his contemporaries. Building on so little, building sometimes, we feel, on nothing, he felt all his powers called forth, those powers whose driving force was a subtly concealed desire to escape from "clumsy Life again at her stupid work." How resourceful he became in shying from facts, in evading any delineation of passion, in passing over what he did not want to name! The more aspects of life he suppressed, the greater opportunity he seemed to gain for his particular kind of revelation. But however much it may arouse our admiration, that revelation was not really disinterested and objective, and it is no wonder that Mr. Brooks speaks of a derangement of values. James was always incapable, perhaps out of timidity, of submitting himself to experience, of surrendering his defences for the sake of æsthetic truth. One of the results is that the realities which another artist would have rendered immediately are adumbrated in his diction in those epithets, too vague, too "orotund," which he used so excessively; epithets such as "infinite," "brave," "confounding," "golden," "divine." These terms remain like a sentimental blur in a style otherwise so exact that the author apparently could say anything he liked with it; perhaps in them the touch of immediate experience which he always tried to suppress was trying to break through.

Mr. Edgar insists justly on the exquisite skill in construction which was one of James's most undeniable merits. In this quality he is pre-eminent; yet one would have liked to see a comparison drawn between the logic of his compositions and that of a very different class of novel, such as "Wuthering Heights." Contrasts of this kind are sometimes illuminating; the present instance must have shown, at any rate, how much deeper Emily Brontë's logic went, how much more necessitated and less arranged it was. The difference is that between a logic at once unconscious and conscious and one predominantly conscious. The development of "Wuthering Heights" followed the line of a rhythm deeper than James ever reached; everything in the action has therefore a greater immediacy and significance. James's construction, wonderful as it is, does not mean so much as it does in works of the highest rank. Yet, within its limits, he was a minor master.

EDWIN MUIR.

ARCHITECTURE

Theory and Elements of Architecture. Vol. I. By ROBERT ATKINSON and HOPE BAGENAL. (Benn. 30s.)

THERE is little to argue about in the theory of architecture. What seems to matter, especially in these days, when local tradition and guild conditions no longer protect it as an art, is the mood in which it is approached. What one dislikes in the worst periods, the earlier phases of the Gothic revival, for example, or the hay-making seasons of the speculative builder, is, after all, not so much an actual ugliness in the results, which has a physiognomical right to exist, as a certain triviality of outlook and intention, a fundamental debasement of the sense of importance and quality. What this sense of quality may mean at its very best is apparent all through Messrs. Atkinson and Bagenal's book, and the spirit which dignifies their approach to the subject and informs their handling of it is to be found in the noble definition of an architect which rewards the reader on its last page, "A builder who desires the universal in his work."

In the planning of the book the method which Bond followed in his study of English Gothic is applied to architecture in general. The materials of construction and the several elements which go to make up a building are considered in turn. This subdivision of the subject is itself a valuable contribution. With such an arrangement the formative effects of Geology, History, Astronomy, Religion, and Hygiene appear in a natural order and in connection with elementary concrete shapes. The misleading classification of evolutionary periods is avoided without the significance of their building idioms being lost sight of. Students of other arts must envy the way in which architecture, when its facts are presented in this sequence, lends itself to analysis, and the simple form in which its æsthetic problems emerge. Its values arrive inevitably in their own contexts, their claims are advanced without argument, and their meaning conveyed without scientific jargon. In the introductory chapter the terms we meet with need no more precise definition than the connotation which the ordinary man would carry with him at the back of his mind. This is what we read about style: "If the artist is wise he expresses himself in a language sufficiently familiar, and uses a vocabulary as rich and simple as possible. Style then is the grace and gust of his language and the ease with which he makes us understand difficult things."

The examples illustrated are admirably chosen and reproduced, and the reader's convenience has been a good deal considered in the way the book is put together. This is as it should be, for the wealth of observation and the balance and range of the thought which illumines it make the book a very important contribution to the literature of art, and should establish it as a standard work on a theme of general public interest.

The application of principles founded on the logic of structure or the limitations of materials are embodied here and there in practical hints and rules. These interpretations may not in every case command acceptance. Structural truth can sometimes be focused at too close quarters, and might receive a more imaginative acknowledgment, if abstract values of design were allowed to do more prompting. In the chapter on doors, for instance, we read that "The return of the mould should follow the bed of the lintel." (The path of an architrave moulding round an opening surmounted by an extended lintel is under discussion.) This as an axiom is by no means self-evident. Space does not here allow of the examination which the argument deserves both in the light of architectural custom and in view of the interesting æsthetic problem which it raises. Certainly, of the two diagrams on page 288 which illustrate the authors' point many might be found to prefer No. 2, in spite of the unsound stone jointing with which the scales are weighted against it. In this connection room might be found in a subsequent edition for a notice of the unusual haunched sill stones, which James Gibbs, with a good deal of logic, sometimes introduced into his system of masonry.

It would, I think, be possible to carry away from the book an impression that the *emphasis* of structure is the alternative to its concealment. Just as in ordinary life, when incredulity has to be faced or the vocabulary is under constraint, the simple denial of what is false may prove as convincing as the asseveration of the truth; so in architecture a similar reticence may often serve a good purpose. Many building problems are met with nowadays in which the explicit expression of the structural conditions might involve a self-consciousness or an ingenuity at variance with some more important intention in a design. Provided that fundamentally misleading forms are avoided (a glass frontage used as the stylobate for an order supplies a familiar example), it is astonishing how much of truth may safely be left to implication. To the two diagrams of shop-fronts on page 362, in which "Emphasis of lintel structure" is contrasted with its concealment, a third might be added in which all the associations of strength, which belong to the unbroken lintel line and the column form, would be avoided, and the emphasis frankly transferred from the *support* character of the frame to the *load* character of the superstructure. In the case of the vast burden of stone which hangs sixty feet above the floor in King's College Chapel, its weight and poise alone are so explanatory that the idea of measurable support never arises in the mind of the beholder to interrupt the marvellous impression of spontaneity which the design holds.

Such qualifications as the above, however, are only called for where the text might incidentally furnish the layman with the small impedimenta of criticism which he so often likes to carry about with him in his pocket. They are irrelevant to the actual scope and content of the work. "Commoditie, Firmness, and Delight," these are the conditions of good building which Sir Henry Wotton looked for, and it is safe to say that no one could read this book without finding as a result their recognition easier and their meaning more profound.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

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ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

A Literary History of the English People from the Origins to the Civil War. By J. J. JUSSERAND. Vol. III. 2nd Edition. (Fisher Unwin. 15s.)

WHATSOEVER M. Jusserand's hand touches comes to life. The rude Angles with their grim verses, the bitter and mystic Langland, the debonair Chaucer, the languorous Spenser—without flagging, without a moment's dullness, M. Jusserand has revivified their works, and now, in this third volume, he devotes himself to the greatest achievements of what is probably the greatest age in English literature. The poetry of the late sixteenth century was dealt with in his second volume, this being reserved for the development of the drama and for the later verse efforts up to the outbreak of the Civil War. Elizabethan drama, of course, is itself so full of life that the historian's task is half accomplished by his very material. There are dead tracts in the Middle Ages, but, from the farces of John Heywood through Greene's pastoral fancies and Marlowe's thundering lines to the greater dramas of Shakespeare, the theatre of this time teems with vitality, sometimes coarse, sometimes even brutal, but always with a force which captures our attention, and which seems nearer to us than the bare, wind-swept landscapes of "Beowulf" or the vision-figures of "Piers Plowman."

M. Jusserand's charm depends largely upon the sense we have of his own keen love of literature. He is no chilly academic impartial historian, and the personal note is constantly emphasized in his chapters. This personal note, however, brings with it disadvantages as well as advantages. M. Jusserand is determined never to be dull, and as a consequence one feels in his work a slight lack of proportion in the planning of his chapters. One should not, perhaps, judge a book mechanically by the number of its pages, but it is symptomatic of the historian's method, which itself depends upon his likes and dislikes, that whereas one hundred and thirty-three pages are devoted to the predecessors of Shakespeare, the successors, including Beaumont and Fletcher, are dismissed in two short sections extending to not quite fifty pages. The same tendency is revealed, also, by a comparison of the space devoted to earlier Elizabethan poetry in Volume II., and the section (pp. 466-484) in this volume which covers rapidly the work of the poets of the early seventeenth century. We feel that, for the most part, M. Jusserand is out of touch with the bizarre types of drama and with the school of metaphysical verse, and that, as a consequence, his survey of literature from 1580 to 1640 has not that perfect balance we might have desired in a work so thorough as his. In referring to thoroughness, one must necessarily recognize that the question of space demands a certain rapid treatment of the historical and literary material. M. Jusserand tries to put the age and its achievements before us in a series of brilliant flashes. Like Shakespeare himself he loves contrasts, and will make the gorgeous colouring seem more glorious by the introduction of a sudden darkness. This almost impressionistic method gives us a picture of the age such as we could not otherwise have gained, but it leads occasionally towards overstatement and towards too hasty generalization. Thus the critic, in speaking of Shakespeare's style, desires to make the thesis that the dramatist's use of words is of more importance than the words themselves. In order to heighten his argument, he declares that "Shakespeare's vocabulary is normal, and certainly does not attract by any unusual richness." We know how the statement has come, and we realize its picturesque value, but sober reflection—accompanied by a calm perusal of some duller book of reference—will convince us that it hardly presents the real truth.

It is, however, rather invidious to quarrel over details when these apparent blemishes are truly of the warp and woof of M. Jusserand's style. An impressionistic painter may, in some corner of his canvas, introduce with effect a dash of colour or a malshapen form, which, in a more carefully detailed picture, would mar a complete harmony.

ALLARDYCE NICOLL.

FICTION

Lud-in-the-Mist. By HOPE MIRRLEES. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
Man's World. By CHARLOTTE HALDANE. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)
Days of Disillusion. By CHESTER F. COBB. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
Bed and Breakfast. By CORALIE HOBSON. With fifty-five Illustrations by PEARL BINDER. (Lane. 6s.)
Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherley. By L. ALLEN HARKER. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)

THE first two novels in this list are concerned with hypothetical worlds: "Lud-in-the-Mist" with the fairy world of the immemorial past, "Man's World" with the scientific universe of the remote future. The first is the more convincing, as perhaps it was bound to be. Both books are fantasies, and science and fantasy cannot be mingled; there is a too obvious intellectual inconsistency between them which we can never forget. On the other hand, in letting her fantasy work on a world which was at the beginning the creation of fantasy, we feel that Miss Mirrlees is acting consistently, and our æsthetic instinct is not offended, for everything which happens in this world has a traditional logic of its own. Her fancies may surprise, but they do not embarrass us, as Mrs. Haldane's do, and as Mr. Wells's, in spite of their cleverness, have sometimes done. Yet her story, rich in invention as it is, and occasionally illumined by strokes of imagination, is very unequal. One feels that the machinery of the plot was not adequate to what she wished to express. Her theme is, roughly, the dualism between the life of imagination and that of utility, between beauty and comfort; and her symbols for these are the bourgeois State of Dorimare and the neighbouring country of Fairyland, from which fairy fruit is occasionally smuggled in. To conceive this duality in such terms is at any rate to sentimentalize it; and it is this fault in the original plan of the book which causes most of its secondary defects, such as here a dead conventionality and there an unconvincing floweriness of style. If Miss Mirrlees had not been so conscious of her symbolism the story would have been much better; for when she loses herself in her fantasy her invention becomes more fertile and produces sometimes beautiful effects. The ride of old Nathaniel Chanticleer into Fairyland is the best scene in the book; the defence of Endymion Leer, in which he explains the symbolism of the two States, and the moral of the story becomes explicit, is the worst. Yet there are very fine passages here and there. When Miss Mirrlees writes of Time, of the past which exists and which does not exist, she always says something striking. As a tale the book is enthralling.

Mrs. Haldane has neither Miss Mirrlees's literary skill nor her fertility of invention. The future, delineated in realistic terms, will always perhaps appear a little ridiculous, and especially so if the feelings of the characters are so remote from ours that we cannot recognize them as human. To see those distant figures, so superior to us and yet so lifeless, living lives so perfect and yet so limited and transient, produces inadvertently a feeling of futility, and makes one think almost with relief of Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence. Mrs. Haldane's art is inadequate to deal with the great difficulties of her theme; and there seems no æsthetic reason, indeed, why her ideas on the future should have been thrown into the form of a novel at all.

"Days of Disillusion" begins as if it were to be an unusually good novel. The picture of Robert Watson's childhood shows clearly that Mr. Cobb has an original talent, whose chief strength is a capacity to see things exactly and in proportion. But gradually the book becomes more verbose, and the convention which the author chooses for describing the hero—a perpetual present—though effective enough in the first chapter, soon develops into an unnatural mannerism; and by the time the end of the story is reached it has completely lost its effect: any other method would be better. The author's fault is verbosity, or, which is the same thing, looseness of style; yet we feel that he sees clearly and that he has thought. The book is promising.

The drawings by Miss Pearl Binder which illustrate "Bed and Breakfast" are delightfully witty. This is as

well, for the story, while much better than "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and in a somewhat similar vein, is not quite as good as it should be. A few Bohemian types are hit off amusingly enough; they are recognizable, and we derive from them the pleasure, whatever it is, which recognizing things gives us; but except for one or two very amusing conversations the wit is too obvious to give pleasure. It is a pity that Miss Hobson did not invent more dialogue.

"Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherley" appeared first in 1908, and this is an edition with pleasant sentimental illustrations to match.

WYCLIF AND HIS AGE

John Wyclif. A Study of the English Mediæval Church. By H. B. WORKMAN, D.Litt., D.D. Two vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 30s.)

THE fame of Wyclif has been overshadowed by that of the later Reformers. But he is a more important figure in English Church History than is generally recognized; and this exhaustive work leaves little to be said with regard either to the man or to the movement for which he stood. But its second title, "A Study of the English Mediæval Church," is the more actual and the more significant. It is impossible to read Dr. Workman's judicious and candid account of the English Church of the fourteenth century without seeing how widely it differs from any religious society to be found among us to-day. The Established Church has retained a continuity of sees and successions; the Church of Rome possesses a similarity of teaching and ceremonial. But both are impersonations; the type has been lost.

The English Reformation has been contrasted with the Continental as being political rather than religious in character. There is a sense in which it was so. It was carried through neither by the people nor by churchmen, but by the Government; and enthusiasts on either side were few. Hence the comparative facility with which the transition was effected: the nation as a whole was indifferent; there was little bloodshed; and much of the old order was retained. But what made this possible was that a religious reformation had taken place two hundred years earlier; a reformation which had left the external fabric of the Church unchanged, but which had profoundly influenced the English mind.

Wyclif was "a great clerk"; and Dr. Workman's chapter on his place among the schoolmen is of singular interest. Scholasticism is now a philosophical phantom; and it is difficult to follow speculations which cannot be translated into modern ways of thinking. Certain analogies, however, are unmistakable:—

> "Duns Scotus, whose relation to Aquinas was similar to that of Kant to Leibnitz, destroyed by his criticism of Thomas the rational grounds of faith, and therefore the validity of the whole scholastic method. He left everything in tatters: in some minds his philosophy led to scepticism; in others to what Dr. Rashdall describes as the emotional prostration before authority popularly called faith."

This is why, in spite of the *Æterni Patris* of Leo XIII., Scotus is the Doctor *par excellence* of modern Catholicism; and why the paradoxical theory of a double truth—what is true in philosophy being false in theology, and *vice versa*—still holds its ground. In ceasing to think freely religious thinkers cease to think at all.

The picture of mediæval life should be studied by mediævalists. Dirt and indecorum were the notes of the age:—

> "At Oxford in 1293 brewers and bakers were accustomed to use the foul waters of the Trillmill stream for making bread and ale, though over it, as Wood tells us, there were many 'houses of easement.' The marvel is that pestilences were not annual events."

The misdeeds of the clergy were not confined to sexual lapses. Concubinage was, indeed, more general than episcopal registers reveal; but, till the Black Death lowered the level of English life as a whole, the grosser forms of immorality were more common in out-of-the-way places away from the Bishop's eye than in the light of day. But the times were rough. In the last years of the fourteenth century we find three London priests receiving pardon for murder or manslaughter; and others found guilty of highway robbery and crimes of violence. There was little hypocrisy; these things were taken as a matter of course, and no one was scandalized. The age has been described as one of great saints and great sinners; but the latter were many, the former few; nor was their sanctity such as to leaven the community; it stood apart from the common life of men. There was more freedom of thought than in the modern Churches: little interest was taken in ideas, and it was not till they became popular forces that they encountered persecution; Wyclif himself, than whom, from the ecclesiastical point of view, no one could have been a greater heretic, died in his bed. His "theory of dominion," which taught that the authority of the wicked could not come from God, was fatal to the hierarchy from the Pope downwards; and he has been regarded as the father of Nonconformity. But, in fact, the Anglican and the lay, as well as the Puritan, positions are prominent in his teaching.

"Every aspect of the English Reformation," a recent historian reminds us, "was of native origin. All can be traced back as far as Wyclif, and some much further."

ENGLISH READERS AND DANTE

The Beauties of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Italian and English. Chosen and translated by THOMAS WATSON DUNCAN. (Heath Cranton. 8s. 6d.)

The Minor Poems of Dante. Translated into English verse by LORNA DE' LUCCHI. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

IT would be interesting to know how many people with a sense of literature have managed to read a verse translation of the *Divina Commedia* right through—after they had passed adolescence, before which, of course, anybody can read anything. It would also be interesting to know to what extent verse translations have induced readers to study Italian and the original Dante. For what gives him his appeal for anyone with a sense of poetry is almost entirely absent from verse translations. Those, therefore, who depend on translation may succeed in understanding his purpose in writing; which was, as he wrote to Can Grande della Scala, "removere viventes in hac vita de statu miseriæ, et perducere ad statum felicitas." But what use is that to those who have no faith? They may get his idea. They may even get a hint of the strangeness of his images. But they cannot get the astounding precision and power with which the images are realized nor the rhythm and other qualities of his music. It is for this reason that the literal translation printed *viz-à-vis* the original is the only possible way for those approaching Dante with only a limited knowledge of Italian. Mr. Watson has wisely adopted it in this selection of what he considers good passages from the *Commedia*. He gives a prose translation of each extract on the opposite page. And with a modesty most admirable in a translator, he insists on the importance for the beginner of learning to read the Italian text, "even if only a general conception of the meaning is obtained at first," so that direct contact with Dante may be established rather than with the translator. His translations cover nearly 6,000 lines out of the 14,000 of the original. He is not a first-rate translator. He turns "mi ritrovai per una selva oscura" into "I found myself (wandering) through a dark and gloomy wood," though if the active form be used at all "walking" would be more Dantesquely precise than "wandering." And though the use of "thou" may seem in many ways justifiable, it seems always to lead to less pleasing archaisms. In a prose translation such a phrase as "the facts do hide it not" is unnatural, and "when" and "while" are surely invariably preferable to "what time." Regarded as an anthology, it may be said that there is justification for everything Mr. Watson has included, and his book has in a high degree the merit that all anthologies must have. It enables one to dip into Dante. It is almost a bedside book, a thing that the whole *Commedia* never could be.

The Signora de' Lucchi's translations of the minor poems are like other present-day translations from Italian, better than Rossetti—on the whole. But Rossetti, even in his translations, was at moments a true poet, and though Signora de' Lucchi and others are generally precise and direct, they have none of the rare moments which convince one that the very great pains they put themselves to have been justified.

THE BEAR

The Book of the Bear. Translated and Edited by JANE HARRISON and HOPE MIRRLEES. (The Nonesuch Press. 6s.)

"FROM troubles of the world I turn to ducks," says a modern poet. Well, each to his choice. But we, for our part, unite with the editors of this book in regarding the bear—that "shaggy, slothful, wild beast, in all respects like a man, and wishful to walk upright," as an ancient Greek alchemist puts it—as the most engaging of all the animals. It is not for nothing that the teddy bear holds undisputed sway in the nursery. It is the combination of wildness with friendliness, the "power of being so terribly unhappy" coupled with an obvious sense of humour, that gives the bear its eternal appeal; and all readers, young or old, who are sensitive to its charm will revel in this little volume of twenty-one bear tales in prose and verse, translated from the Russian.

Stories—including perhaps the best bear story of all, the Swedish "God's Truce," by Selma Lagerlöv—might, the editors confess, have been chosen. But they have confined their selection to the Russian because Russia is the real home of the bear, and because the bear, "in all respects like a man," is most particularly like the "true Russian, friendly, hospitable, cheery, the best of comrades, the worst of officials, tolerant of all social vices, pitiless only to the pretentious." A number of these tales, indeed, such as those by Chemnitzer and Krylov, are fables, in which the bear, the moujik's friend, is endowed with all the virtues and frailties of the moujik himself. Then there are popular favourites like "The Three Bears," which, though originally written by Southey, is given in Tolstoy's more famous version; and several folk-tales—"imbecile," as the translators admit, yet very charmingly imbecile—are included. But the best stories in the books are those by Remizov, the only living writer represented. Remizov, we are told, is almost unknown outside Russia, but, in virtue of his "Hare Ivanich" tales, we think that most readers will endorse the judgment that "since Æsop, nobody has written more deliciously about beasts," and that Remizov is, moreover, a far more accomplished craftsman. The story of the she-bears who devoured the mockers of Elisha—an "Epilogue to Bad Children"—is appended to this novel and delightful little book, with its Chinese paper boards and its eight coloured pictures in which Mr. Ray Garnett has subtly caught the spirit of the text.

ANNUALS OF REFERENCE

THE annuals, everyone admits, are useful, but how pleasant they are, too. The man who cannot while away an hour in "Whitaker's" or "Who's Who?" or the great "Peerages" is a dull dog. Every year now most of the annual reference books seem to get larger and more interesting. "Who's Who? 1927" (A. & C. Black, 42s.), for instance, has 3,270 pages. The increase in size of this fascinating book in recent years is due, we surmise, to its editor's throwing a wider net as well as to the increase in the number of distinguished men and women during the Great War. The two great "Peerages" are now immensely imposing. "Burke's, 1927," in its 85th edition, has not far short of 3,000 pages, and "Debrett, 1927" (Dean, 75s.), over 2,000. They record the fact that nine peerages have been created and five have become extinct in the last twelve months—a good reason for increase in size. But there are other reasons, notably increase of information. "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes" (Kelly, 30s.), now in its 53rd edition, is smaller in size, but covers slightly different ground, and is an extremely useful book. Then there is the admirable "Whitaker, 1927" (cloth 6s., abridged paper edition 1s. 6d.), without which no office and no home are complete, for nowhere else can one find so many different facts so handily arranged. Then there is the great "Post Office London Directory, 1927" (Kelly, 55s.), the largest of all the annuals, with considerably over 3,500 pages, a model of good arrangement and classification.

BOOK IN BRIEF

The Life of Jenny Lind. Told by her daughter, MRS. RAYMOND MAUDE, O.B.E. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

Great actresses and singers are at a disadvantage for the most part so far as biography is concerned, in that they have no lives. They live, that is to say, so brilliantly in the moment that it is all burnt up and nothing remains except ashes next year. Mrs. Maude's book is, in its way, an interesting record; but only if you are prepared to steep bald statements of triumphs, appearances, enthusiasms in a bountiful imagination. It is difficult to conceive in our day the worship that was felt for Jenny Lind. The great Duke of Wellington never missed her night at the opera. Directly she came on to the stage, he leant out of his box and asked her how she was, addressing her by name as if they were alone in a drawing-room. She had only to open her mouth and kings and queens were in tears. Apart from this marvellous voice, she was, however, rather a plain, rather an awkward woman, who took her work with overwhelming seriousness. She loved dancing, but refrained, in case it might tire her and so disappoint her public of their dues. "Love affairs had no part in her life." Indeed, the Bible was her standby, "and she would have suffered acutely from the ideas of modern thought." She left the stage at the height of her fame because she found its intrigues and stress so hostile to her nature that she was willing to forfeit the gain. And when she left the stage she left it; there was only one farewell.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Blinded Kings. By J. KESSEL and H. ISWOLSKY. Translated from the French by G. and K. DE TEISSIER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

This novel, of the skilled journalistic type, treats of Russian events in the November and December of 1915. On November 1st, the Douma voiced its alarm at the state of affairs in which the Ministers capable of successfully prosecuting the war were dismissed at the instance of the Tsarina advised by Rasputin; on December 16th, five conspirators, led by Prince Youssoupoff and Count George Doline, the hero, assassinated Rasputin. The book is really the story of the plot against him, and it is competently worked out. Doline, on sick leave in Petrograd from the front, falls in love with Lise Donskala. She, to obtain a release for her unjustly imprisoned brother, visits Rasputin and falls under his influence. Thus Doline, the patrician and patriot, has good reason for destroying the Holy Father. The authors have managed to present a vivid and comprehensible historic panorama, and they assert in their preface that there is evidence for all they have written. Indeed they give an impression of truth and impartiality. There are admirable sketches of the Tsar, the Tsarina, Kerenski, Stalin, and General Rouszki. The last is particularly illustrative of the heroic but helpless state of the Russian Army during the war. Rasputin, naïve, brutal, sensual, hypnotic, with his crowd of adoring women, is well done; the account of his assassination, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," is fascinating. The translation is not very good, and there was no need to have preserved the French spelling of Russian names.

* * *

Working Bullocks. By KATHARINE SUSANNA PRICHARD. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Australian novels are not so frequent that the reader who takes an interest in English written literature can afford to

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ignore one when it appears. We would not suggest that Miss Prichard is doing for her colony what Mrs. Millin is doing for South Africa, because the two, apart from other considerations, do not show the same degree of talent; but we should like to think that this novel is proof of a genuine public taste for what is good in the country of its origin. The scene passes between the timber camps, the homesteads, the townships, and the bush lands of the south-west after the war. Red Burke, driver of a team of bullocks which hauls felled tree trunks from the forest to the railway, is a convincing study of a man. Both he and Deb Colburn, his love for whom forms the motif of the story, are simple, deep, passionate natures to whom the modern novelist knows how to give a touch of the unexpected and sinister. There are many good things, particularly a description of wild horses drinking at a pool. The book is marred by two faults. There seems not enough matter to fill it out. As a result, there are constant repetitions, several climaxes, and long stretches of anti-climax: all of which is, indeed, very much like life, but somewhat boring and inartistic. Secondly, the style, in trying to be too vigorous, overreaches itself, and becomes dense and crowded.

* * *

Portia Marries. By JEANNETTE PHILIPS GIBBS. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

The rivalry between the claims which marriage and a professional career make upon a woman has not been spoiled by use as a theme for fiction, and Mrs. Gibbs writes with admirable lucidity and economy of an American girl's attitude towards domestic life and the law. Jane Thorndike is a New England heroine, a brilliant success as a solicitor, and determined to be equally successful as wife and mother. She is a very well drawn character, highly strung, far more transparent than she believes, and courageous. Her extremely businesslike marriage to a young engineer with whom she played as a child is followed by a one-day—and that Sunday—honeymoon, and the inevitable discords of the first year of married life are presented coldly and clearly without any fussy detail. Perhaps it might be truly objected that the contrast between Jane's neatly scheduled motherhood and her weaker sister's collapse under the strain of bearing and bringing up children in a tiny home with an unsuccessful husband, is too crude to be convincing; but there is nothing crude about Mrs. Gibbs's writing, which does credit to her own legal training. From the epilogue, which jumps the reader forward some ten years, one gathers that Jane's son and daughter adored her, though she spoilt her daughter and did not sufficiently spoil her son. ("As mothers go, I'm in luck," is his opinion.) All things considered, the book is extraordinarily impartial and refreshingly clear of non-essentials.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE Parlophone are to be congratulated on their first electrical recordings, which are all of a very high standard. Their two orchestral pieces are exceptionally good. Siegfried Wagner conducts the Berlin State Opera House in "Tristan and Isolde," Prelude and Liebstod (two 12-in. records. E10508-9. 4s. 6d. each), Wagner's concert arrangement being used. The same orchestra plays the Overture to Schubert's "Rosamunde" (two 12-in. records. E10510-1. 4s. 6d. each), the last side being given to the romantic "Serenade" of Schubert, played by Dajos Bela's String Orchestra.

Then there are two remarkable records which show the immense improvement in electrical recording. The first contains three harpsichord solos, Handel's "Passacaglia," Daquin's "Le Coucou," and Rameau's "Le Tambourin," played by Anna Linde (E10514. 4s. 6d.). A charming and successful record out of the beaten track. The other record is distinguished for a magnificent performance of Palestrina's "Introduxit me," by the Sistine-Vatican Choir, the other side being given to a fine choral piece by Orlandus de Lassus, Palestrina's contemporary (12-in. record. R20006. 7s. 6d.).

The vocal records include two duets from the Bridal Chamber scene in "Lohengrin," sung with great beauty by Lauritz Melchior and Emmy Bettendorf (12-in. record. E10515. 4s. 6d.), and an exceptionally brilliant record made in Milan of "La rivedra nell' estasi" and "E scherzo, od è follia," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" (12-in. record. R20007. 7s. 6d.). The leading artistes of La Scala Opera House and a chorus sing this famous music with immense spirit.

Lighter music is provided by an excellent record of "The Dollar Princess," excellently played by Miss Lorand's Orchestra (12-in. record. E10512. 4s. 6d.).

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Christmas holiday and the seasonable congestion of the Post Office explain a reduced bundle of magazines this month. For articles on Home Affairs, we are confined to the "Contemporary Review"—"The Coal Conflict and After," by the Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, and the "Nineteenth Century"—"The Trade Union Problem," by Sir John Marriott. Brigadier-General Stone writes in the same paper on "Locarno, Geneva and the Empire," and Lord Parmoor has an article in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Imperial Conference and the League of Nations." Lord Parmoor deplores the inclusion in the Report of the Conference of the paragraphs on "Questions connected with the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations." Miss Winifred Holtby in "Foreign Affairs" points out the mischief which this publication of the British Government's criticism of the Mandates Commission will work in South Africa. For "The South African position as a Mandatory power is delicate," since it is complicated by the strong colour prejudice which exists in that country. To the German inhabitants in South-West Africa the Government has, on the whôle, shown sympathetic understanding, but towards the natives its policy has been very different. "The effect (of the Report) upon public opinion in South Africa will almost certainly be the hardening of opposition against an interference now pronounced upon such eminent authority to be 'excessive,' and the further embittering of the most dangerous problem to-day confronting South African statesmanship—the Colour Question."

The other "Foreign Affairs," an American quarterly, has an article by Mr. Patrick Duncan on "Race Questions in South Africa," discussing the three possible policies with regard to the native—repression, assimilation, and segregation—and concluding that the wisest course to pursue would be something in the nature of a compromise between the second and third. The "Economic Record" (Australia) has an interesting paper by Mr. G. L. Wood on another Colonial question "The Immigration Problem in Australia."

Major Polson Newman writes sympathetically in the "Contemporary Review" on the Italian desire for Colonial expansion. "Since the accession of Signor Mussolini to power Italy has gone forward with a mighty rush . . ." Professor Salvemini, in the "Review of Reviews," gives a catalogue of the reprisals taken by Fascists after the attempted murder of Mussolini in Bologna last October. Apparently, "the high personages," who were in the car following Mussolini's, themselves took part in the lynching of Zamboni. At Bologna, where 2,000 "moral accomplices" had been imprisoned as a precautionary measure, there were few acts of public violence, but over all the rest of Italy there is the same tale of the burning of property, and the flogging and even the murder of citizens of all classes. Professor Salvemini gives the names of all the victims he mentions. Mr. A. E. R. Gedye, writing in "Foreign Affairs"—the English monthly—on "The Hungarian Tyranny," has a sorry tale to tell. "In Hungary the adult peasant labours on the land of his lord from sunrise until sunset for the sum of 10d. per day . . . More that 8½ million acres—33 per cent. of all the arable land in Hungary—is owned by only 1,130 landowners . . . An Englishman, who had occasion to motor a good deal with a member of the Hungarian aristocracy, told a friend of mine that he always knew when they had entered the family estates, because, instead of standing hatless, the peasants regularly flung themselves flat in the road and kissed the wheel tracks of the car as it passed."

The "Cornhill Magazine" has a second instalment of the letters of John Ruskin to the late Jessie Leete, edited by Mr. Leonard Huxley. These short, disjointed notes are interesting for their revelations of the technique of a master in the art of exciting hero-worship. Ruskin even went to the trouble of making this poor, plain, little governess jealous!

In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. E. E. Reynolds writes on "Poetry and Examinations": "Some twenty-five years ago, at school, we were given a card on which was printed Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus' . . . For twelve weeks we worked every conceivable exercise the master could devise with that poem . . . To this day I find it difficult to keep calm when I hear that first line, 'It was the schooner Hesperus' . . . It may be said that it was a poor thing we were dissecting; but in a higher form they were carrying out the same thorough operations on 'Il Penseroso.'"

It is easy to argue that it is for the benefit of all concerned that this method of "teaching" poetry has been abolished, but it is not altogether certain that Mr. Reynolds is right in wanting poetry abolished in examinations.

INSURANCE NOTES

THRIFT POLICIES FOR CHILDREN

MOST men require Life Assurance sooner or later, but frequently delay applying for it until marriage, when they obtain a sum assured which is totally inadequate to replace their earned income on retirement or previous death. Quite a number of people are unable to pass the medical referee when seeking to insure their lives, although in most cases they would have been accepted if they had applied earlier. Deferred assurances for children, under which the sum assured becomes payable in the event of the death of the child after age twenty-one, are most profitable and beneficial in providing a son with a policy for an appreciable sum at a trifling premium ; besides inculcating habits of thrift. Among the advantages of this scheme is the fact that no medical examination is required, thus providing against the possibility of the child being unassurable through ill-health on attaining his majority. The parent retains control over the contract until the child becomes of age, and has the power to cancel it if he subsequently regards the gift as unsuitable. In the event of the child's death before reaching age twenty-one, all the premiums are returned with 4 per cent. compound interest. The policy may be passed on to the child on his reaching his twenty-first birthday, when also annual bonuses begin to accrue. These contracts are equally suitable for girls. The following results show how profitable these policies are.

An annual premium of £7 10s. or £3 17s. 6d. half-yearly, will provide an assurance of £1,000 with profits payable at death if occurring after age twenty-one. Assuming the child lives until age sixty, with bonuses on the present basis the policy will amount to £2,390. On the other hand, a cash surrender value of £1,320 could be obtained. Thus, the policy-holder has been insured from age twenty-one for £1,000 to £2,390 and then has the option of taking £1,320 in cash, if he desires to close the transaction. A total of £450 only would have been paid for this munificent benefit and protection. He could also have a paid-up policy without further payment after age twenty-one so that the sum of £760 would be payable at death, plus bonuses. The young man on attaining his twenty-first birthday may, however, desire to alter to an Endowment Assurance payable at fifty or previous death. This being so, this premium of £7 10s. assures £536 at commencement, which would amount to about £1,015 by the time age fifty is reached ; this is in return for fifty annual premiums of £7 10s. or £375 in all. If it was desired to make the endowment payable at age sixty the policy would yield £650 at death at any time after age twenty-one and would be increased by bonuses each year, and at age sixty would amount to a total of £1,700. This sum being the return given by the Life Office in return for only £450 paid to it in premiums, at the rate of £7 10s. a year. It is most desirable to pay an additional premium of a few shillings, so that in the event of the death of the father before the child becomes of age, no further premiums would be payable until the child's majority. In the case of a father aged thirty the additional premium is only 7s. 6d. per annum in the examples given.

This contract is undoubtedly the best gift a parent can give a boy or girl on attaining twenty-one. These policies are usually free from restrictions as to residence or occupation. The premiums quoted would be reduced considerably if the income tax regulations on the present basis continue and the tax allowance taken into account. It is interesting to note the advantage of effecting an assurance for £1,000 under the scheme described compared with later ages. The premium for a Whole Life Policy with bonuses for a child commencing at birth is £7 10s. If effected at age twenty-one it is £19 4s., at thirty-five £27 13s., while at fifty it is £45, and at sixty £70 13s.

It will be evident that the administrator of an estate would be well advised to effect a policy upon the minor's life, where it is evident that large policies will be necessary at some time in the future. These policies are one of the best means of providing for death duties and relieve the estate of a much heavier burden than if delayed until the child becomes of age when other charges upon income are likely to increase.

SERIBO.

These notes are written by a recognized Insurance Consultant, and are written to advise THE NATION *readers on Insurance matters. Queries are welcomed, and are treated in strict confidence. Address your Insurance queries to "Scribo," c/o* THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, *Great James Street, London, W.C.1.*

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1927. (*Vol. XXV. No.* 2.)

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THE STATE AND THE ADOPTION OF CHILDREN. By GERVAIS RENTOUL, M.P.
SACRAMENTAL CHRISTIANITY: A CRITICISM. By EDWARD GRUBB.
SOME BRITISH AMBASSADORS AT PARIS. By BECKLES WILLSON.
THE MAKING OF A CASUAL. By PETER ROKER.
ANDRE MAUROIS' ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By VERONICA RICE.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

FOUR PER CENT. "CONSOLS"—OIL AND SHELLS—ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH AND THE BANK.

THE outlook for the gilt-edged market in the New Year is anything but bright. Higher taxation is to be expected from the extent of the present Budgetary deficit and the prospect of a lower yield of income tax in a year that follows upon a seven-months' coal strike. The City does now look for any reduction in Bank rate. At the moment of writing the gilt-edged market on the Stock Exchange is in a condition of suspended animation, waiting upon the announcement by the Treasury of the price of the new 4 per cent. "Consols." The price will have to be attractive. In this period of financial change few seek to invest their funds in long-dated or irredeemable securities. Over a long period of years interest rates may fall, but who knows whether they will not rise in the next twelve months? The prudent investor prefers to sit on the fence of short-dated securities having fixed redemption.

* * *

After all the oil share market promises to be one of the firmest in the New Year. In spite of the increase in crude oil production the American oil situation remains firm, and as far as the refined oil markets are concerned is somewhat improved. The rise in the crude oil output of Venezuela and Colombia is balanced by the decline in that of Mexico. If, as seems likely, for the next three months, any further increase in the production of crude oil in America is avoided, the oil industry will begin the New Year with the prospect of an increased turnover and firmer prices. Consumption is from 12 per cent. to 15 per cent. greater than a year ago, while stocks of oil are lower than at the beginning of 1926. The effect of the Shell Union bonus upon the profits of the Royal Dutch and Shell Transport and Trading companies is worth considering. The extra 60 cents from Shell Union is the equivalent of an increase in the net profits of the Shell by approximately 6.6 per cent. The total distribution of $2 per share on Shell Union common stock brings in $5,280,000 to the Shell, or approximately £1,056,000. That is approximately 22 per cent. of the Shell's net profits in 1925. There is reason to believe that the Royal Dutch-Shell group of companies have experienced a very satisfactory year of trading. It is therefore possible—at this stage we cannot say whether it is probable—that the Shell will increase its dividend distribution.

* * *

It is unfortunate that the Bank of England should be the bankers of Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd. It is no doubt unfortunate also for the Bank of England, but when a scheme of financial reconstruction is put forward by the directors of Armstrong Whitworth which is of a novel and most drastic character, it is pertinent to consider whether the public does not stand to lose more than the Bank of England. The disasters which have fallen upon Armstrong Whitworth, due in part to the external difficulties of the big armament firms since the war, and in part to the mistakes of management, have for some time been public knowledge. The scheme of reconstruction was, however, unexpected in its severity. The 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock is unaffected except that its first charge must be waived in favour of any new capital borrowed, but the holders of all the remaining loan capital have to submit to a moratorium over a maximum period of five years (all the profits until the moratorium is ended going to pay interest on the securities affected), while the position of the ordinary and preference shareholders remains for the moment untouched. The writing down of the share capital is foreshadowed, but it is explained that the value of the company's remaining assets has not yet been determined. It is rare that the rights of debenture holders have been interfered with before the ordinary and preference share capital has been touched. It is rare also that so long a period as five years should be fixed for the moratorium. Certainly the Bank of England has made an important concession in agreeing not to demand payment during the moratorium period of the capital of or interest on the advances owing to them up to the amount of £3,000,000 unless in any year there is a surplus of profits after payment of the interest on debentures and notes, excluding the £3,000,000 of debenture stock held by the Bank as collateral security. But it must be remembered that the Bank of England benefited by the issue of £3,000,000 of 6½ per cent. consolidated mortgage debenture stock in December, 1924. It was common knowledge at that time that the issue was made for the most part to repay advances made by the Company's bankers. The prospectus stated: "The present issue is made for the purpose of funding floating indebtedness incurred in financing contracts for the provision of a Townsite, Warehouses, Ships, and other Utilities, Works and Services in connection with the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company, Ltd., which is expected shortly to be in profitable operation, and also for the purpose of financing other civil engineering contracts." In the circular now issued to the debenture and note holders the directors stated that "certain of the company's larger investments, and more particularly their civil engineering undertakings, have resulted disastrously. An outstanding example of the kind is undoubtedly the company's investment in the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company, Ltd." At the time of the issue of the 6½ per cent. Mortgage debenture stock in December, 1924, at 99½, none of these losses was anticipated, but it cannot be doubted that the prestige of the Bank of England helped Armstrong Whitworth to secure their money more easily. In this issue the public took over some of the Bank's loans to the Company. Though no fault of the Bank, it now finds that it took over bad debts. The 6½ per cent. consolidated mortgage debenture stock now stands at about 40.

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THE INVERESK PAPER COMPANY

INCREASED DIVIDENDS FORESHADOWED

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of the members of Inveresk Paper Company, Limited, was held on December 23rd in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh.

Mr. William Harrison, LL.B. (the chairman of the company), presiding.

The Chairman said: Since I had the pleasure of meeting you at the annual meeting a year ago there have been important changes in the capitalization of the company. Twelve months ago our issued capital was £350,000, consisting of 200,000 Eight per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and 150,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. Since then we have had two issues, whereby the capital has been increased to £1,200,000, divided into 600,000 Preference shares and 600,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. Owing to the terms on which these issues were made, we have been able to place the large sum of £487,928 to the credit of our reserve fund after paying all expenses, and this, added to the reserve fund already existing of £50,000, gives a total credit at reserve at the present time of £537,928.

Larger Profits.

This year our accounts show a gross profit of £116,405, compared with £70,694 for the preceding twelve months. As a matter of fact, the comparison is quite valueless, for, whereas in 1925 our income was derived almost entirely from the results of our own operations at our Musselburgh mills, in the period under review we have just begun the era of the company's expansion, and the figures for 1926 show that revenue has begun to flow into our coffers from our investments. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that revenue has only begun to trickle in, as the amount for which we take credit for the period ended November, 1926, is only a very small proportion of what we may legitimately hope to receive year by year in the future. In the accounts for 1926 we only take credit for the small sum of roughly £9,000 in respect of our holdings in Germany.

Encouraging Outlook.

At the extraordinary general meeting of the company held only two months ago, I stated that my colleagues and myself, after careful calculation, estimated the gross earnings of your company and its associated concerns in a normal year at approximately £1,000,000, and I see no reason to-day to alter that calculation. After meeting all necessary deductions in our own and our associated companies on what appears to us a conservative basis, we look for a net credit balance of about £400,000 per annum in your company available for creating reserves and paying dividends. The general reserve fund already existing, with this year's appropriation, will stand at £550,000, or nearly the total of our issued Ordinary share capital. I feel sure that we may anticipate that future dividends on our present increased Ordinary share capital should be of a very satisfactory nature, and in excess of this year's dividend of 25 per cent.

German Interests.

Almost immediately after we had acquired the German properties big financial interests in Germany and other countries woke up to the immense value of these properties, and especially the large pulp mills at Königsberg, which somehow a few months earlier they had overlooked. Very soon we began to receive approaches from would-be buyers, all of whom desired to relieve us of our bargain at a large profit. We took up the natural position that, whilst we were not at all desirous of selling, we would, as business men, consider any serious offer made to us, but at the same time we made it absolutely and definitely clear that in no circumstances and under no conditions would we sell our Ordinary shares in the International Pulp Company, Limited, unless the prospective purchasers were prepared to make a binding offer through us to purchase the Participating Preference shares in that company as well.

Having regard to the fact that the Participating Preference shares in the International Company were subscribed for by the public on the strength of the name of the Inveresk Company, it would be morally impossible and grossly improper for its directors to sell control of the International Pulp Company, Limited, into the hands of strangers, no matter at what price, unless the interests of the Participating Preference shareholders were absolutely safeguarded.

Ladies and gentlemen, you may well ask why, if these large German works have such a potential value, we are even considering a sale of our interests in them. Why should we not simply hold on and draw large and increasing revenue from our shares? Well, I would ask you to remember that we purchased these German works at a very low figure indeed compared with their real value, primarily with a view to safeguarding to ourselves and our associated mills an assured supply of first-class sulphite pulp. Do not forget that Inveresk and its associated companies are first and foremost makers of paper. We have made it an essential condition of any sale that our pulp supplies shall be assured. Well, does it not appear to you, as it does to your directors and myself, that, having stipulated for a continuance of assured pulp supplies for a long period of years, we should not refuse to consider serious proposals for a purchase, provided the sale price is, in our opinion, based on the present and our estimated future earning capacity of these great works?

I will now move: "That the directors' report, accounts, and balance-sheet be adopted."

Mr. T. D. M. Burnside seconded the motion, which, on being put to the meeting, was carried unanimously.

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PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

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"FIVE QUARTERS,"
SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, 3.30 to 4.45 p.m.

Ninth Course of Addresses: "THE WORLD'S BELIEFS."

SUNDAYS. 1927.	
Jan. 9th.	ARTHUR BERNARD COOK, Litt.D., Fellow and Lecturer of Queens' College, Cambridge, Reader in Classical Archæology to the University of Cambridge, "Animism" (with lantern illustrations).
,, 16th.	G. A. DE ZOYZA, Esq., of the Buddhist Mission, "The Soul of Buddhism."
,, 23rd.	S. N. MALLIK, Esq., Member of the India Council, India Office, "Hinduism."
,, 30th.	The Rabbi Dr. I. MATTUCK, of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, "The Soul of Judaism."
Feb. 6th.	Maulvi A. R. DARD, of the London Mosque, "The Soul of Islam."
,, 13th.	N. C. SEN, Esq., O.B.E., Secretary, Indian Students Department, Office of the High Commissioner of India, "Brahmo Somaj."
,, 20th.	CYRIL BAILEY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor, Balliol College, Oxford, "The Religious Experiences of Ancient Rome."
,, 27th.	Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., University of Aberdeen, "The Naturalist's Approach to Religion."
March 6th.	C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Lit., Lecturer in Logic and Philosophy, University of London, Lecturer in Social Philosophy, London School of Economics, "Experimental Religion."
,, 13th.	Major W. TUDOR POLE, "Universalism in Religion with special Reference to the Bahai Faith."
,, 20th.	To be announced later.
,, 27th.	The Chief Rabbi, The Very Rev. JOSEPH HERMAN HERTZ, Ph.D., Heb. Litt.D., "Fundamental Ideals and Proclamations of Judaism."
April 3rd.	Professor J. P. BRUCE, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Chinese, University of London, "Confucianism."
,, 10th.	Speaker to be announced later. "Christianity."

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